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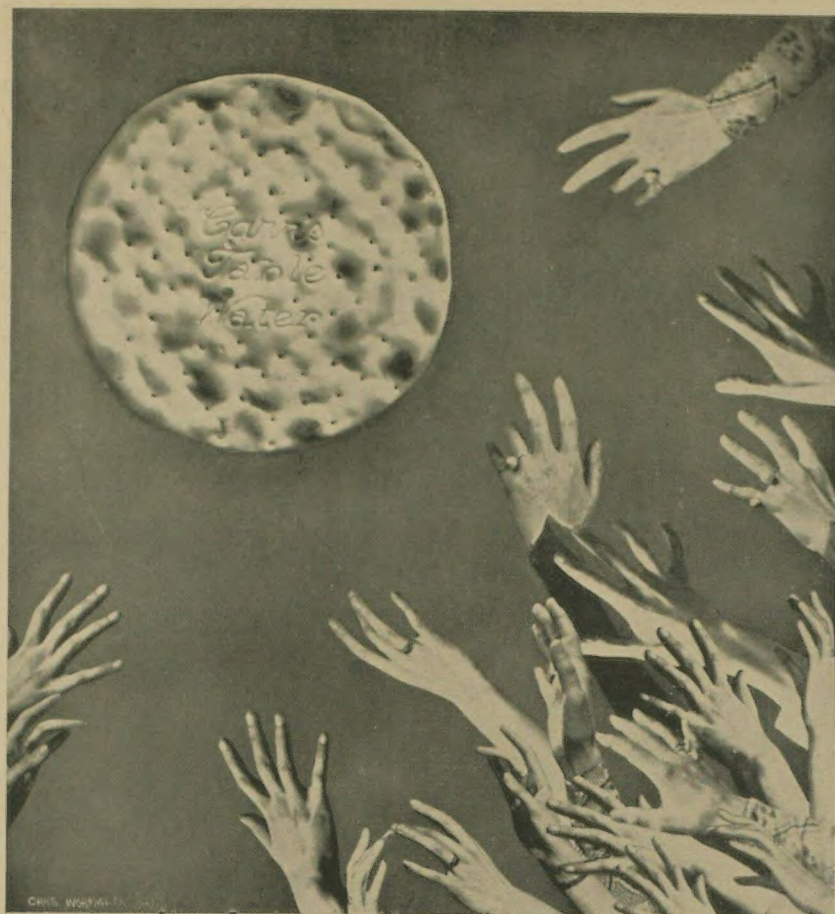
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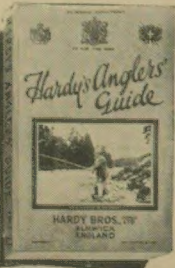


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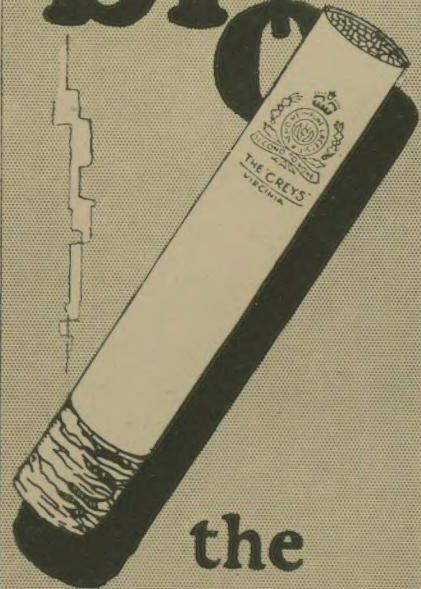
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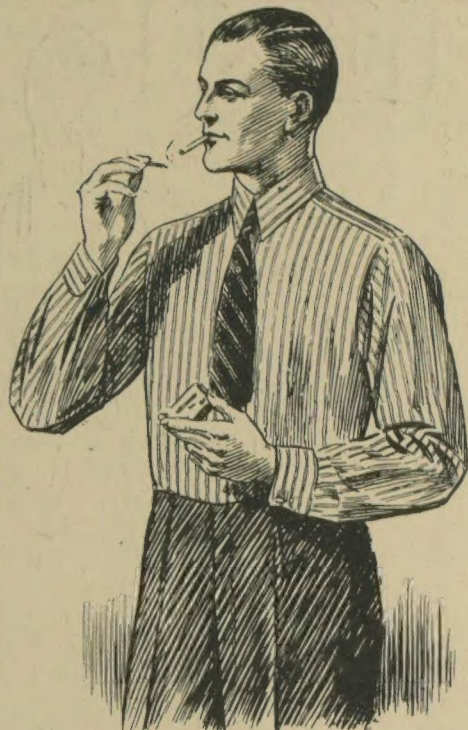
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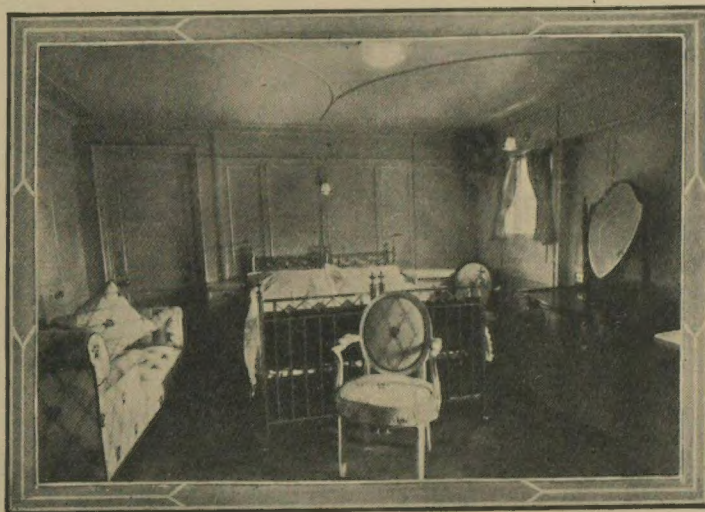
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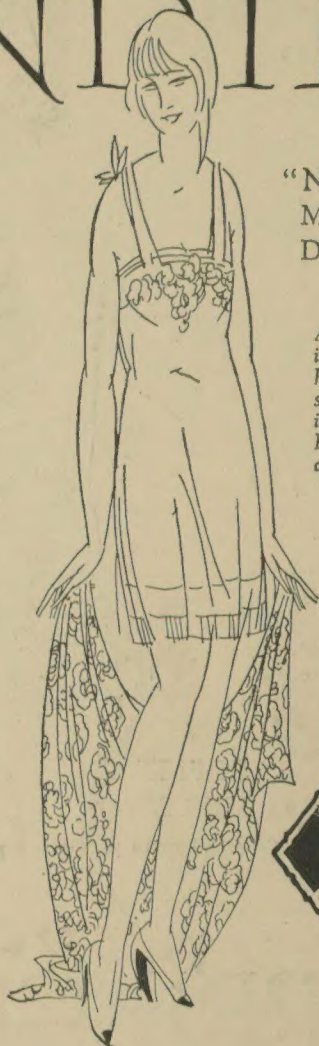
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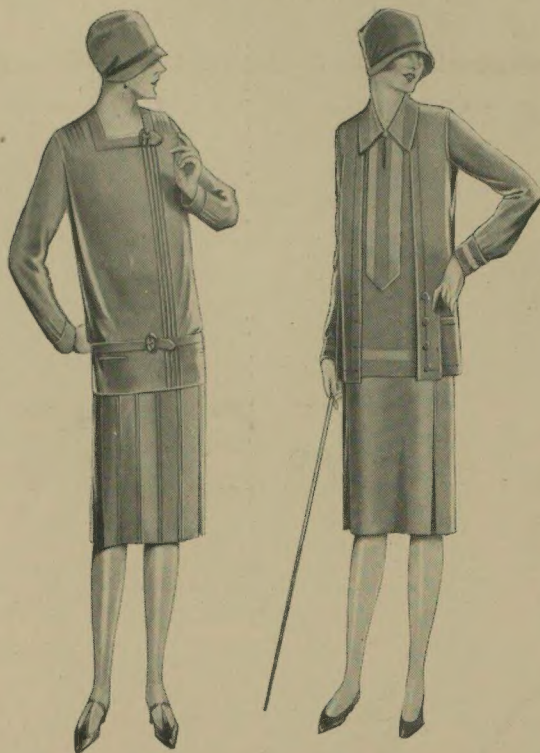
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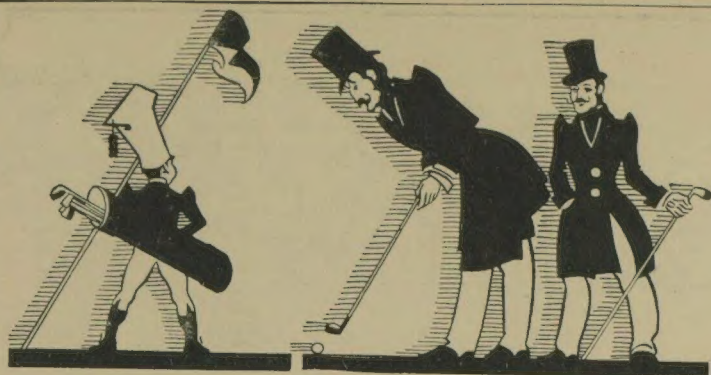
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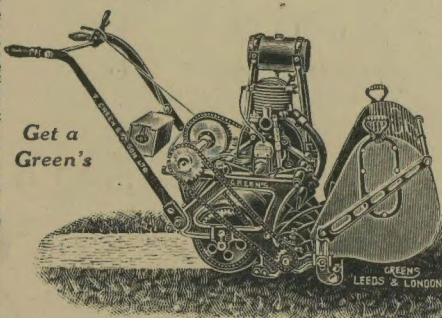
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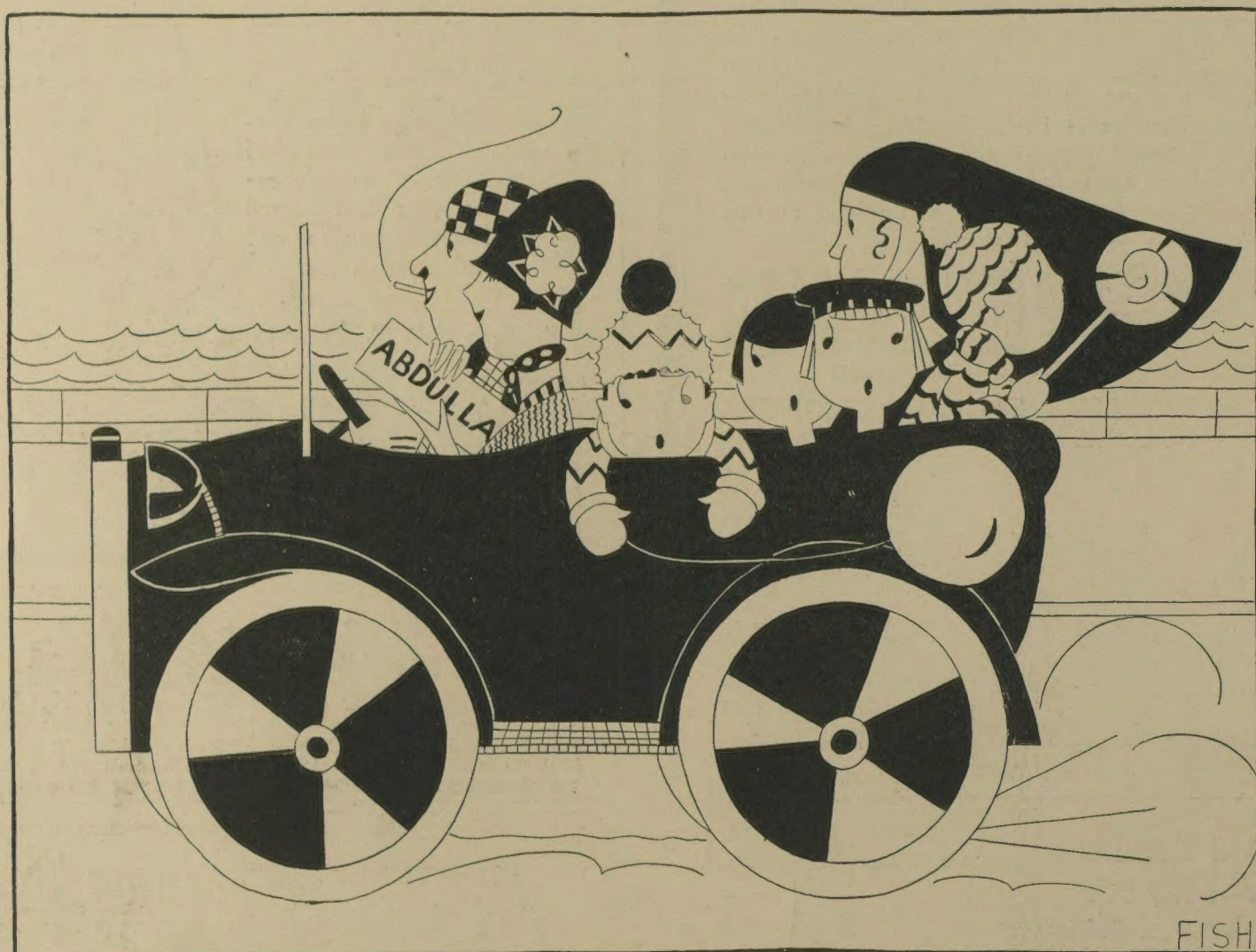
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1928.

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THE AFGHAN KING AND QUEEN GREETED AT THE "GATEWAY" OF ENGLAND: AN ADDRESS OF WELCOME READ BY THE RECORDER OF DOVER IN THE PRESENCE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES (NEXT TO THE KING).

King Amanullah and Queen Suryia of Afghanistan stood on English soil for the first time when they landed at Dover, on March 13, and were greeted by the Prince of Wales, on behalf of the King. They had had a smooth crossing from Calais in the Channel steamer "Maid of Orleans," which was escorted into harbour by four destroyers and five fighter aeroplanes. The guns of Dover Castle thundered a salute. The Prince of Wales escorted the Royal visitors from the quay to the

flag-decked station, where, on the platform beside the special train waiting to convey them to London, the Recorder of Dover read an Address of Welcome. The brilliant uniforms and the rainbow hues of the flags, including the Afghan banner, with its black-and-gold symbols, made the scene a blaze of colour. Among those present were the Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, the Lord Lieutenant of the county, and a number of naval, military, and Air Force officers.

A ROYAL WELCOME TO THE KING AND QUEEN OF



KING AMANULLAH DRIVING IN THE PROCESSION TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE WITH KING GEORGE, THE PRINCE OF WALES, AND THE DUKE OF YORK. THE FIRST ROYAL CARRIAGE (DRAWN BY SIX HORSES) LEAVING VICTORIA, FOLLOWED BY THE SECOND CARRIAGE CONTAINING THE TWO QUEENS.



THE QUEEN OF AFGHANISTAN ARRIVING AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE WITH HER ROYAL HOSTESS: THE SECOND CARRIAGE (DRAWN BY FOUR HORSES) CONTAINING QUEEN MARY AND QUEEN SURVIA, WITH THE DUCHESS OF YORK AND PRINCE HENRY SEATED OPPOSITE.

King Amanullah of Afghanistan and his beautiful Consort, Queen Survia, received a Royal welcome when they arrived in London on March 13. As they stepped out of the special train in which they had travelled from Dover with the Prince of Wales, they were greeted on the platform at Victoria Station by the King and Queen in person. With their Majesties were a distinguished company, including other members of the Royal family, the Prime Minister, the Foreign Secretary, the Secretary for India, chiefs of the Navy, Army, and Air Force, and the Lord Mayor of London. In the procession to Buckingham Palace King Amanullah sat beside King George, with the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York opposite them, in the first royal carriage, which was drawn by six horses.

AFGHANISTAN: LONDON ACCLAIMS THE KING'S GUESTS.



THE KING AND HIS ROYAL GUEST FROM AFGHANISTAN ON THE WAY FROM VICTORIA TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE: A NEAR VIEW OF THE CARRIAGE CONTAINING (FROM RIGHT TO LEFT) KING GEORGE, KING AMANULLAH, THE DUKE OF YORK, AND THE PRINCE OF WALES.



THE QUEEN AND HER ROYAL GUEST FROM AFGHANISTAN: A NEARER VIEW OF THE CARRIAGE, SHOWING (FROM RIGHT TO LEFT, AS SEEN IN THE PHOTOGRAPH) QUEEN MARY, QUEEN SURVIA, PRINCE HENRY, AND THE DUCHESS OF YORK.

In the second carriage, drawn by four horses, rode Queen Survia beside Queen Mary, with the Duchess of York and Prince Henry facing them. There was an escort of Royal Horse Guards, and the rest of the procession consisted of four other Royal carriages and five motor-cars. All along the route great crowds had gathered to give the Eastern visitors a hearty greeting from the people of London. It was arranged that, after a ceremonial welcome at the Palace, the Afghan King and Queen should motor to the Cenotaph and visit the grave of the Unknown Warrior in Westminster Abbey, receive Addresses from the London County Council and the City of Westminster, at St. James's Palace, and in the evening attend a State banquet in their honour at Buckingham Palace.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I AM informed that there is an elaborately electrified house on view; a house in which the householder can be completely electrified, or possibly electro-plated, or perhaps eventually electrocuted—which would seem a not unlikely refuge for anybody who had to live in that sort of house. Indeed, when I heard a lecturer a little while ago explain at some length (with the assistance of lantern-slides) the complicated but complete apparatus of such a domestic system, I ventured to ask whereabouts in the electric house they had fitted up the electric chair. That would seem to be the most rapid and reasonable form of comfort in such a place. Or it might be useful for mild and well-considered experiments in murder, even before we came to the final experiment of suicide. The case for murder seems to me to be curiously neglected in the free and emancipated moral controversies of our time. I am perpetually being told that there are a number of hard cases arising out of the traditional respect for marriage. I could easily provide, from my own experience, half-a-dozen cases in which great discomfort has arisen out of the conventional prejudice against murder. I could give social instances which seem to cry out for assassination quite as pathetically as any that are supposed to cry out for divorce. Nor is it true to say that all such cases could be met by divorce or other division. Many are cases in which nothing but death could deprive the obnoxious person of his psychological or other influence over better people than himself.

To give the names of those in my social circle whom I mark out for extinction would at present be premature and even embarrassing. But if I had a nice, neat, comfortable electric chair fitted up in my house, on the model of those fitted up in American prisons, I could quickly and quietly make a clearance of a great many of these social difficulties. It would be easy to receive a particular guest with gestures of hospitality; to wave him to a special seat with a special earnestness; to see him settled comfortably in it; and then to press a button with a smile and a sigh of relief. The hospitable gesture involved is not difficult. People often wave me towards particular chairs in their drawing-rooms; generally towards any massive seat of marble or granite, or to any cast-iron throne firmly clamped to the floor. And they always say, with a beaming smile, that they think it will suit me better. With heartfelt sincerity, I could say to the guest in question that I think the electric chair would suit him better. Difficulties might arise, of course, when he was dead: such difficulties have always embarrassed the moral reformer who assumed the specialist duties of the murderer.

But, even here, electricity gives its ever-present aid. Obviously another button would be pressed, and the chair with its contents would sink through the floor, where the corpse would be mechanically ejected and consumed completely in an electric stove. Now here we have a real and serious social use for electricity; almost the only one I can think of which could practically improve our present domestic life. But I cannot find a word about it in any of the accounts given to me of the Model Electric House.

That model house, I am informed, is described as the house of the future, dated less than a hundred years hence. I can imagine that even this prophecy might have its cheerful and enlivening aspect. The principle of comparison is often applied to our ancestors, and might equally wisely be applied to our descendants. We are often shown exhibitions of Elizabethan or Early Georgian domestic architecture, with the notion of suggesting to us how much architecture has advanced since those days. It is generally pointed out to us that many of the oldest English houses are only built of wood. It is generally not

But old things have to be made very black indeed if modern things are not to look blacker.

Well, I cannot see why the same ingenious trick of comparison should not be tried in the case of the future as well as the past. As we produce an appalling picture of our great-grandfather in his hideous mud hovel, so we naturally produce an equally appalling picture of our great-grandson in his hideous electric house. Both will equally serve to raise our own spirits and to lift up our hearts in humble gratitude to Providence for the privilege of having been born not only after the former event, but before the latter. I can imagine crowds of modern people coming away from the Ideal Home Exhibition with beaming faces and rejoicing hearts, crowing aloud with pleasure or leaping and skipping lightly upon the road, at the thought of what they have escaped by being born ninety years too soon for the Electric Houses. Surely anything that promotes contentment, and the reconciliation of men to their lot, is to be encouraged upon social grounds; and it is just as reasonable to teach unlucky people that they are lucky not to be their own descendants as to teach them that they are lucky not to be their own ancestors. Neither, perhaps, will be wholly convincing or satisfying to a curious and enquiring mind; which might go so far as to demand that present conditions should be made decent in themselves, and not

merely by comparison with the past or the future. But as an exposition of the comparative method, I can imagine few more effective than all this discussion about electricity and future appliances. It is far more vivid and striking than the vague and dreary vision of the caves of the cave men or the mud cabins of the peasants. The historical pictures of these past things are seldom detailed and never accurate in detail. They are not to be compared for a moment with the white and glittering nightmare of the steel house. The new scientific architecture can be perfected to a point of ghastly and demoniac ugliness towards which the dark fancies of our savage fathers would grope in vain. Their legends were, after all, shadowy and unconvincing compared with our facts. None of those benighted slaves of mythology or theology ever imagined a hell to equal what the moderns have imagined as a home.

As to the confident assertions that these things really will be the characteristics of social existence a generation or two hence, I suppose we need not take them very seriously. People are always prophesying

what will happen next; and they are always falling into the fatuous and obvious folly of making it merely the same as what has happened last. As the French King was certainly more powerful in the seventeenth century than in the sixteenth century, everybody would have prophesied that at the end of the eighteenth century he would be more powerful still. At the end of the eighteenth century he had ceased to exist. All the predictions of this sort are based on the idea that there has never been such a thing as a revolution or a reaction. Whether there will be a reaction against materialism before the date mentioned, I do not know, and it is probable that I shall not care. By that date I shall have ceased to exist on this earth, like the French Monarchy. For that alone I can be thankful for life—and death.



MR. F. KINGSLEY GRIFFITH, THE NEW M.P. FOR MIDDLESBROUGH, WHO RETAINED THE SEAT FOR THE LIBERAL PARTY.



MRS. WALTER RUNCIMAN, THE NEW M.P. FOR THE ST. IVES DIVISION OF CORNWALL, WHO WON THE SEAT FOR THE LIBERAL PARTY.



THE RT. REV. CHARLES L. THORNTON-DUESBERY, BISHOP OF SODOR AND MAN, WHO DIED ON MARCH 11 AT THE AGE OF 61.



THE RT. REV. DR. FRANCIS J. CHAVASSE, FORMERLY BISHOP OF LIVERPOOL, WHO DIED ON MARCH 11, AT THE AGE OF 81.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

By becoming M.P. for St. Ives, Mrs. Walter Runciman, whose husband is M.P. for Swansea West, set up a new "record": for the first time a husband and wife are sitting in the same House of Commons.—Dr. Thornton-Duesbery was consecrated Bishop of Sodor and Man on February 24, 1925. He was a liberal Evangelical, and had had extensive parochial experience.—Dr. Chavasse was Bishop of Liverpool from 1900 until 1923. He has been called emphatically the layman's Bishop; and his name is closely associated with Liverpool Cathedral. At the time of his appointment, he was Principal of Wycliffe Hall, Oxford.

pointed out to us that most of the newest American houses are also built of wood. It is certainly not pointed out that these very houses, that are now built of wood, are those in which there are most of the new electrical appliances. These things are not emphasised; because the object of the exposition is quite the contrary. We are shown the rude hovels of our ancestors, that we may be consoled by feeling that things might be worse even than they are. We are told that Ancient Britons lived in low huts of wattle, or what not; that we may consider a brick villa in Balham is almost tolerable by comparison. In short, there are many who insist on all that was dark or gross or negligent in the conditions of early barbarism, so that modern civilisation may for one wild moment take on a fanciful semblance of decency.



FIRST STUDIO PORTRAITS OF QUEEN SURYIA:
ENGLAND'S ROYAL GUEST FROM AFGHANISTAN.



RIVALLING QUEEN ELIZABETH IN THE SPLENDOURS OF
HER WARDROBE: QUEEN SURYIA OF AFGHANISTAN,
THE CHARMING CONSORT OF KING AMANULLAH.

Queen Suryia, who arrived in England with King Amanullah on March 13, is the first Consort of an Oriental monarch to visit Europe with her husband. She is a daughter of the Afghan Foreign Minister, Tarzi Khan, and is the only wife of the King, who firmly upholds the ideal of monogamy. Already she has made an immense impression in Rome, Berlin, and Paris by her personal beauty and her adaptability to Western ways. "It is difficult to realise," writes Sir Percival Phillips, who accompanied the Afghan royal party from India to Europe, "that this charming lady has, according to our standards, been virtually a prisoner all her life. She lived in the strictest seclusion at Kabul. . . . The Queen is deeply interested in every aspect of life in Europe, particularly the position of women." In Paris she was hailed as a queen of fashion, and had some fifty dresses made there. "She bids fair," it has been said, "to rival Queen Elizabeth in the number of her gowns."

The Cromwell of the Wahhabis, Puritans of Islam.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"IBN SA'UD OF ARABIA, HIS PEOPLE AND HIS LAND": BY AMEEN RIHANI.*

(PUBLISHED BY CONSTABLE.)

THOSE who are threading with difficulty the maze of news as to the sporadic raids on the frontiers of Iraq will find confusion less confounded when they have read "Ibn Sa'oud of Arabia, His People and His Land."

It has been suggested, even asserted, that Abd'ul-Aziz Ibn Abd'ur-Rahman Aal Faisal Aal Sa'oud, King of Najd and Al-Hijaz, no longer has the authority of the benevolent autocrat; that his extremist tribesmen have forced his hand; that, as the Imam of the Puritans of Islam, he has been compelled to permit, or, at least, not to forbid, the unsheathing of the sword and the uprising of his green, white-edged flag against the Infidels, with whom, it must be remembered, are ranked all who are not adherents of Wahhabism, not of the Faithful who preach the unity of Allah and live and die by the Sunnat and the Koran.

On the other hand is denial that the "Long-of-days" has approved a Holy War against the *mushrekin*, the

patient, the sensible, the insane—he knows them all, deals fairly with them all, uses them all, knowing the value of each, for Allah and the sovereignty of Ibn Sa'oud. In truth, he puts the different Ikhwan to their right use;—the sensible are for service, the tolerant for commerce and foreign politics, the mad for battles of war. The case of the last class, however, becomes at times very critical. No, he cannot always keep the brothers of Nawwar under absolute control, because of the vast distances in Najd and the primitive means of communication. In a word, then, the Ikhwan are a power, a terrible power, which needs to be regulated and put under a modern system of administrative control. Otherwise, such raids as have taken place on the borders of Iraq and Trans-Jordan will always recur much to the discredit of the Government of Najd. The raid in the autumn of 1922, for instance, was not ordered or sanctioned by the Sultan; and he did not accept the excuse of the Ikhwan of Al-Jawf for it. He had the chiefs brought to Ar-Riyadh, where he kept them in prison for three months.

When they were freed, Ibn Sa'oud warned them: "Do not forget that there is not one among you whose father or brother or cousin we have not slain. Aye, *billah*! it was by the sword that we have conquered you. And that same sword is still above your heads. Beware, ya Ikhwan. Encroach not upon the rights of others. If you do, your value and that of the dust are the same. . . . We took you by the sword, and we shall keep you within your bounds by the sword, *inshallah*."

A Magi governing in the East in the manner of the East!

Again: He is strong. Are his people stronger? It may be so.

Of a certainty, it takes more than blind-folded Justice to check the customs of the centuries, and end the *gazus*, the raids. Mr. Rihani discussed the matter while journeying to Kuwait. "Four out of five of the Bedu (the nomads) prefer the *gazu* to the pastoral or agricultural life, because there is loot in it. True, there is also peril; but its daily presence, in one form or the other, had made it familiar. Their flocks, if they have any, are subject to the perils of the desert and the weather. No rain, no life: hence the preference of the *gazu*. If peril always exists, therefore, why not with it the chance of gain?"

"I asked my companions—eleven Arabs of different tribes and occupations—what was their own preference. And the result of the plebiscite, which was taken in the Dibdibah on the evening of the 3rd of March, the year of Grace 1923, on the 15th of the 6th month of the year of the Hijrah 1341, is as follows:—Six of them preferred the *gazu*; three the agricultural life; and two were dissatisfied, dreamed of adventures in other lands, desired, in sooth, to come with me to America."

And there is that other tocsin—the fervour of the Faith. The Wahhabis—and especially the Ikhwan, the Brothers, "the roving, ravening Bedu of yesterday, the militant Wahhabis of to-day . . . the white terror of Arabia"—proselytise by killing, "and they dash forth, the Ikhwan, streaming and gleaming, *sami'in, lami'in*! seeking the heads of the *mushrekin*—bent on making brothers by the swords—frantically fanatical Unitarians—Puritan Copperheads! And the Sultan Abd'ul-Aziz is a Cromwell in the sense that he has made these people and fired them with unextinguishable enthusiasm for Allah and for Najd. He has imbued them with the spirit of conquest; he has led them to battle and taught them sacrifice. . . . The demons of religion they are called by some; the heroes of Al-Islam, by others.

"It is their faith, a living, glowing, flaming faith, which makes the blood of a brother fallen in battle sacred in their eyes. Through it they behold Al-Jannat; and with pious ecstasy they put their fingers in the wound and stain the edges of their garments—The winds of Al-Jannat are blowing! Ye seekers, in haste for the sowing! Ye seekers in haste for the mowing!"

Can they be restrained, even by their Cromwell? For—again I quote the *Times*—Ibn Sa'oud "has begun to compromise, as a ruler must. Hence, say some of the Akhwan, he writes himself down as a *Kafir* and worse. Having become ruler of the Holy Places, he tolerates the pilgrimage; forgetting how the first founders of the cult plundered Mecca, Medina, and Kerbela and drenched the holy cities of a degraded Islam in the blood of its corrupt followers.

He does not even put pressure on the pilgrims to adopt the Wahabi principles, still less force them to do so, as he should; and he allows himself to be corrupted by such articles of Western luxury as motor-cars. For these reasons some of the Akhwan repudiate all allegiance to a ruler who has become unworthy of their obedience."

"Western luxury": that, doubtless, is as imperative an incentive as any. The Wahhabi must not only agree to the one-ness of God. He is forbidden not only intoxicating drinks, but tobacco. He is saturnine and sanctimonious. "Thou shalt not smoke. Thou shalt not sing. Thou shalt not wear silk robes. And if one is found in his shop, or dawdling in the street, at the time of prayer, he is insulted by the zealous mosque-goer, or at least looked upon askance. Impious churl—child of calamity and perdition!" Music, also, is tabu; in its stead is the voice of the circulating auctioneer, crying as he stands by a crouching camel, or as he runs with lot in hand—"Only five reals! Pray upon the Prophet, only five reals!" They never mention the article, and they never stop to bargain. See with your eyes; hear with your ears, and, if you desire possession, come forth and quickly with the reals, or you are a disappointed man, even though you do pray upon the Prophet."

Austerity and asceticism are omnipresent and omnipotent. "The Prophet has said that there will be after him seventy different sects in Al-Islam, and that only one of them will escape hell-fire and win Al-Jannat. The Wahhabis believe that they are the favoured sect. But they try not to reflect their pride in their mosques or anything else." Yet: "There are those whose Wahhabism is older and therefore milder. They salaam the foreigner, smoke occasionally in secret, sing when they are in the desert, and do not blame Ibn Sa'oud for befriending the infidel Ingliz. One of these, a wealthy citizen of Ar-Riyadh, said to me," our author recalls, "'Syria is very progressive. The Bedu there are more advanced than our *hadhaz* (townfolk); but our Islam is better than theirs. We would save every Muslim from the fire (of hell); but Allah, praised be he, will save whomsoever he please.'" Rare tolerance—very rare; so rare that it is only the demonstrating exception.

That by way of pointer to a problem which must be solved by the Sultan and his neighbours—it is devoutly to be wished, without too active aid from the Royal Air Force. For the rest, it should be said once more that a clearer understanding will come with a reading of Mr. Ameen Rihani's book, which is as illuminating as it is descriptive. And it should be added that, quite apart from the question of the moment and the ruler of the Wahhabis, "Ibn Sa'oud of Arabia, His People and His Land" is a capital



REPRESENTATIVES OF THE FIERCEST AND MOST FANATICAL OF THE WAHHABIS, THE PURITANS OF ISLAM, WHOSE BELIEF IT IS THAT THE INFIDEL SHOULD BE SLAIN: SOME OF THE IKHWAN, THE BROTHERS.

Reproduced from "Ibn Sa'oud of Arabia, His People and His Land," by Courtesy of the Author and of the Publishers, Messrs. Constable and Co.

unbelievers, of Iraq, Kuwait, and Trans-Jordan, and has connived at the arming of the militants; and the pious trust of a Special Correspondent of the *Times*, who has written from Baghdad: ". . . It is not likely . . . that the Akhwan and the Wahabi of to-day will become really formidable, or rise, politically, above the level of a mere nuisance."

Much, it would seem, may depend upon the ruler of Najd, his personal views and his personal power. He has inclined towards the *Inglaz*, although he has said: "I liken Europe to-day to a great iron door, but there is nothing behind it." He is progressive in that he does not frown upon that "jinn-propelled wonder" the *mowla*, rejoices in "a magneto-electric machine which he uses as an exercise," and does not disdain trade goods; but he is an Arab of the Arabs, more than a little scornful of what the West calls civilisation, and eager to defend the rights and the religion of his forebears.

His sway is that of the masterful yet loving parent, the mighty yet humble priest, the just judge and the ruthless executioner, the man who obeys but must be obeyed. And he boasts that he is no "spinner," no intriguer: "Allah sift" those who accuse him; shake the evil from them. But it is recorded of him that, when discussing a projected boundary adjustment before the Conference of Ojair, he exclaimed to his guest, Ameen Rihani: "'When the *Inglaz* want something, they get it. When we want something, we have to fight for it. I will put my seal'—he punched the palm of his left hand with the knuckles of the right—'if Great Britain says you must. But I will strike when I can. . . . Not in betrayal, Allah be my witness, but in self-defence. What I cede of my rights under force, I will get back when I have sufficient force, *inshallah*. No words can be more plain and clear.'—'Who are the Arabs?' he asked, with a spark in his eye, when I mentioned his contemporaries. 'We are the Arabs!' he replied, striking the carpet with his bamboo stick."

So much for the man: he is seen as patriot; as lavish supporter of his soldiery and his people, a flowing fount of food and clothing; as democrat; as spiritual leader; as guide and protector of his brethren; as Lord of "a vast kingdom . . . with no means of communication except the *najjab*, and no other guaranty of security and peace than the religion of Ibn Abd'ul-Wahhab and the word of Ibn Sa'oud."

He is strong. Are his people stronger?

Consider the Wahhabis. "The Sultan Abd'ul-Aziz is in everything their Imam: the brave, the pious, the



THE RULER OF THE WAHHABIS WITH HIS MOWTA: KING ABD'UL-AZIZ IBN SA'UD (THIRD FROM LEFT) LEAVING HIS MOTOR-CAR, WHICH IS SAID TO BE REGARDED BY SOME OF HIS MORE FANATICAL FOLLOWERS AS A SIGN OF A FALL FROM PURITANISM.

Reproduced from "Ibn Sa'oud of Arabia, His People and His Land," by Courtesy of the Author and of the Publishers, Messrs. Constable and Co.

story of adventurous travel; a revelation of the simplicities and the subtleties of the Arab mind; a mirror of much of the "fifth-century" life under the stars and in the cities and villages of Najd; a most competent cicerone to a country few can expect to visit; and a complete "guide to knowledge" of Ar-Riyadh, the mud-walled capital, with its streets ribbed by the living rock, and its labyrinthine Palace of ten or a dozen buildings linked by high-walled bridges that its Lord and Master may pass to the Grand Mosque or to the *harim*, to where he will, without being seen and without descending into the streets.

For remembrance: Ibn Sa'oud quoted an Arab poet—"Let none be with us proud and overbearing, For we can be more foolish and more daring."

E. H. G.

* "Ibn Sa'oud of Arabia, His People and His Land." By Ameen Rihani. Illustrated. (Constable and Co.; £1 rs. net.)

THE WAHHABI RAIDS: IBN SA'UD, AN ARAB "CROMWELL"; HIS "PURITAN" FOLLOWERS, AND HIS MAZE-LIKE PALACE AT AR-RIYADH.



FOLLOWERS OF IBN SA'UD OF ARABIA, SOME OF WHOSE UNRULY TRIBESMEN HAVE BEEN RAIDING THE IRAQ FRONTIERS: WARRIORS OF THE KING'S BODYGUARD.



AT AR-RIYADH, THE CAPITAL OF THE KINGDOM OF NAJD: IBN SA'UD'S MAZE OF A PALACE, WHOSE BUILDINGS ARE LINKED BY BRIDGES—AND PART OF THE SOUQ.



ILLUSTRATING THE FACT THAT HORSE-RACING IS ONE OF THE TWO CHIEF SPORTS OF THE ARABS OF NAJD: A PART OF THE STUO OF KING ABD'UL-AZIZ IBN SA'UD.



BOOTY OF WHICH IBN SA'UD (RIGHT FOREGROUND) IS VERY PROUD: GUNS WON FROM THE KING OF AL-HIJAZ, THE TURKS, AND IBN 'UR-RASHID—HERE SEEN AT THE PALACE AT AR-RIYADH.



A SOCIAL CENTRE IN AN AR-RIYADH HOUSE: THE COFFEE HEARTH.



A GATE OF AR-RIYADH: AN ENTRANCE TO IBN SA'UD'S CAPITAL.



IN THE GRAND MOSQUE OF AR-RIYADH—A BUILDING WHICH IS SEVERELY PLAIN, IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE ASCETIC TENETS OF THE WAHHABIS, THE PURITANS OF ISLAM.



THE RULER RESPONSIBLE FOR THE TRIBES WHO HAVE BEEN RAIDING THE IRAQ FRONTIERS—IT IS CLAIMED, AGAINST HIS WISH: ABD'UL-AZIZ IBN SA'UD, KING OF NAJD AND AL-HIJAZ.

As is noted opposite, news of the Wahhabi raids on the frontiers of Iraq is confused. It has been denied that Abd'ul-Aziz Ibn Sa'oud is in any way responsible for them, and it has been stated that he has neither proclaimed a Holy War nor aided his unruly followers by supplying them with arms. The probability is that certain of the tribes under his sway are out of hand, and the question is whether he, strong as he is, is as strong as his people. He has been called the "Cromwell" of the Wahhabis, "the Puritans of Islam," who look upon it as their duty to spread their austere faith with the aid of the sword; but even a Cromwell is not always obeyed to the letter when he restrains his men in what the majority of them—and especially that particularly fanatical section, the Ikhwan (the Brothers)—regard as a pious act.—With regard to certain of our pictures, the following facts may be noted: Ibn Sa'oud's palace at Ar-Riyadh is a veritable maze of buildings, linked by means of high-walled bridges. In it are the guns illustrated; and Ibn Sa'oud is very proud of his booty of cannon and machine-guns, some fifty in all, of English and German make, taken from the King of Al-Hijaz, and from the Turks and Ibn 'ur-Rashid.—Horse-racing and target-practice are the two great sports of the Arab of Najd.—The Grand Mosque is extremely austere, in accordance with the asceticism of the Wahhabis.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

NOT so long ago, on this page, I flew a little kite in the form of a suggestion that it would conduce to Anglo-American concord to popularise cricket in the United States. This remark has brought me across the Atlantic some very interesting letters, one of them touching on somewhat thorny ground, whereon I forbear to tread, and declaring that I can have no idea of the American temperament. As a matter of fact, I am not quite ignorant of it, and I have read too many amusing stories of American spectators at cricket matches not to know their point of view. One of the best occurs in Mr. H. V. Morton's book, "The London Year," describing a match at Lord's, where a visitor says: "Gosh, I want like this darned game, but I just can't. I don't get it. A bunch of wise-looking guys sitting around making alfresco polite tea-party noises to a funeral party in white ducks! No, Sir, it's got me guessing!" If the American temperament is at present antagonistic to cricket, that is all the more reason for removing the antagonism.

One of my correspondents describes a cricket match he once arranged against a British team, when he was vice-president of a country club near New York. "The game started (he writes) in the afternoon, and was never finished. Many of the men on our side had played baseball, and consequently threw the cricket ball, no matter what the distance was, at full speed. Several hands were badly used up. The American criticism was that 'We don't want to take up a game we can't finish the same day.' And so our efforts to promote cricket passed away and have never been renewed."

The cricketer, of course, must be caught young, and the game will never flourish unless it is associated with boyhood's memories. Without such a background of tradition, any attempt to introduce it as a public pursuit or spectacle would certainly fail. The schools are the chief hope. My former allusion to the subject was made in connection with a book on England by a New Zealander—Mr. Alan Mulgan's "Home." In New Zealand he had learnt to love cricket from his earliest youth. By the time it reached our colonies, of course, the United States were independent and less receptive to English customs. I continue to believe, however, that, if cricket were played in American schools and in the American countryside, as it is on village greens and fields in England, its effect would be beneficial all round.

As Mr. Mulgan says: "Cricket is more than a game. It is a frame of mind, an institution, a philosophy of life"; and as Mr. Morton has it: "Slow and glorious is cricket, an antidote to the modern fever for speed." The fact that matches last several days affords opportunities for social contacts and good fellowship. Behind the apparent deliberation of the game there is a fascinating science, and no other possesses such keen delights and tense moments for the devotee. It teaches the team spirit while giving splendid chances to the individual player. Says Sir Arthur Yapp, of the Y.M.C.A., in his book, "In the Service of Youth": "One of the most hopeful signs to-day in the Far East is the way in which the youth of India, Malaya, China, Japan, and Burma are devoting themselves to our great team games." To that list might be added Jamaica, which has welcomed Major Tennyson's men. Cricket, in fact, is on the way to become world-wide, and shall America lag behind?

In approaching a new book by Mr. H. G. Wells I am reminded of the statement in "Who's Who" under his name—"born, Bromley, Kent, 21 Sept., 1866, son of late Joseph Wells, professional cricketer." I have often wondered whether "H. G." himself ever wielded the willow, and whether he regards cricket as a civilising influence. I cannot remember much about it in his books, and I believe he is personally addicted to tennis and hockey. It would be interesting if he would give us an essay on cricket, with a character sketch of his father. Possibly the latter is the subject of the following entry in "WISDEN'S CRICKETERS' ALMANACK FOR 1928" (Wisden; paper, 5s.; cloth, 8s.), which has just appeared—"Wells, J. (Kent), b. July 14, 1828, d. Oct. 20, 1910." The same name occurs also among the cricket "records," in a list of bowlers who have taken four wickets with four consecutive balls, heading the list as the earliest player, in first-class cricket, to accomplish that feat, during a match between Kent and Sussex in 1862. Thinking to discover something apposite about Mr. Wells senior, I have also had the curiosity to hunt up his son's "Select Conversations with an Uncle" (1895), which I confess to having hitherto neglected, but the uncle proved to be as fictitious as Mr. Ponderevo.

I am not now considering Mr. Wells's first book, however, but his latest—namely, "THE WAY THE WORLD IS GOING"; Guesses and Forecasts of the Years Ahead—Twenty-Six Articles and a Lecture. By H. G. Wells (Benn; 7s. 6d.) It might be said, perhaps, without offence, that in his

social criticism Mr. Wells favours "the common man," as he is fond of calling him, and is a little contemptuous of the "public school and University" type; he is on the side of the "Players," so to speak, against the "Gentlemen." There was a time, in pre-war days, when that classification in cricket produced some unfortunate snobbery. As Mr. Mulgan recalls: "The mighty 'W. G.' was paid large sums for playing cricket, yet he walked out by the amateurs' gate. Other men were paid small sums for playing, but carried the brand of the professional. . . . A famous Australian player told me that no Australian would stand for a moment being spoken to as Grace sometimes addressed professionals. No wonder the foreigner is flummoxed. So is the Colonial. He cannot understand such things as this separate gate arrangement—which I must in fairness say is not so common as it was. Such distinctions carried to the colonies by travelling English teams have done an appreciable amount of harm to Anglo-Colonial relations."

Mr. Wells in his new book is less concerned with the far-off future than is Sir Philip Gibbs in "The Day after To-Morrow" (recently noticed here) or than are his own earlier "prophecies." Rather, as his title indicates, he

account of its commercial or antiquated bias?" Much information not only about China, but also Japan, Korea, the Philippines, the Dutch East Indies, Malaya, Siam, Indo-China, Burma, India, and Ceylon, is to be found in a well-illustrated American travel-book entitled "FINDING THE WORTH WHILE IN THE ORIENT." By Lucian Swift Kirtland (Harrap; 2s. 6d.). I see no bias in the chapter on China; indeed, I see no reference at all to present conditions there—a fact which causes me to wonder when the book was written, as it bears no date. I am interested to learn, however, that Hankow's Country Club possesses many acres "ample for its score of tennis-courts, its bowling greens, cricket fields, baseball diamonds, golf-course, and racing track." There, at any rate, cricket and baseball must have "got together." It also gives me a little thrill of proper pride to read, concerning Ceylon, that "on the streets of Colombo boys thrust the *Saturday Evening Post* and the *Illustrated London News* upon your attention."

No pretence of being anything but "antiquated" is made in "SKETCHES OF VANISHING CHINA." By Arthur H. Heath (Thornton Butterworth; 30s.). It contains twenty-four beautiful colour-plates from the author's hand, depicting landscapes and city scenes, with very interesting descriptive chapters. "The letterpress for this my one and only book," says the author, "was written just previous to the Great War and Chinese Revolution." Some of his pre-war "prophecies" seem to be coming true. "A few more years, and the old order of things will change, and with the introduction of roads and the motor, no doubt Chinese cities will grow like those in Europe, and the native will accustom himself to the iron horse, which he now describes as the carriage that 'no pushee no shovee but go like hellee.'"

Several excellent books about other parts of Asia, which I hope to treat more fully later on, may be recommended to readers who feel the lure of the East. Adventures and narrow escapes during an American zoological collecting expedition "on the Marco Polo trail from Bombay to Peking," are told in "ACROSS ASIA'S SNOWS AND DESERTS." By William J. Morden, F.R.G.S. With Introduction by Roy Chapman Andrews. Sixty-five illustrations (Putnam; 21s.). The career of Marco Polo himself takes the form of historical romance in "JEN." By Mrs. Alfred Wingate (Crosby Lockwood; 10s. 6d.). Reverting to modern times, the lurid story of a young Finn who became involved in the struggle of "White" and "Red" Russians in Central Asia, and was half flayed alive by the latter, is related in "MEN AND MONSTERS." By Christian Swanlung. In collaboration with Lewis Stanton Palen. With Portrait and Map (Lane; 7s. 6d.).

Two "wander" tales of a less blood-curdling character emanate from the land of Lamas. "SPORT AND TRAVEL IN THE HIGHLANDS OF TIBET." By Sir Henry Hayden and César Cosson. With Introduction by Sir Francis Younghusband. Illustrated (Cobden-Sanderson; 21s.). This is a delightful account of a region "which was once the westernmost sub-kingdom of mysterious Tibet." With it may be bracketed "MAGIC LADAKH." An intimate picture of a land of topsy-turvy customs and great natural beauty. By "Ganpat" (Major M. L. A. Gompertz). With Illustrations and Map (Seeley, Service; 21s.). This is a delightful account of a region "which was once the westernmost sub-kingdom of mysterious Tibet."

In "A TOUR IN SOUTHERN ASIA." Illustrated (Lane; 12s. 6d.), Mr. Horace Bleackley gives a picturesque description of a journey through Indo-China, Malaya, Java, Sumatra, and Ceylon, and, in one chapter, tells the story of the gallant defence of Singapore against a mutinous rising in 1915. The exciting adventures of a British officer who, after the war, became manager of a great Persian estate, and on the withdrawal of British forces found himself virtually alone in a country invaded by Bolsheviks, form the subject of "CHECKMATE." Fighting Tradition in Central Persia. By F. A. C. Forbes-Leith. Illustrated (Harrap; 12s. 6d.). The book shows Persian life from an unusual angle, and gives interesting glimpses of the new Shah before his accession. Finally, comes a notable book on Eastern sport—"BIG GAME SHOOTING IN THE INDIAN EMPIRE." By Lieut.-Col. C. H. Stockley. Illustrated. (Constable; 18s.), a very practical work dealing with a great variety of game and giving useful advice on every phase of a hunting expedition. C. E. B.

The Man he Killed.
Scene: The settle of "The Fox" Inn, Stagfort Lane.
Characters: The speaker (a returned soldier), & his friends, natives of the hamlet.

I.
"Had he d'it but met
By some old ancient inn,
We should have sat us down to wet
Right many a nipperkin.

II.
"But ranged as infantry
And staring face to face
I shot at him, as he at me,
And killed him in his place.

III.
"I shot him dead, because—
Because he was my foe;
You see; my foe of course he was;
That's clear enough; although—

IV.
"He thought he'd 'list, perhaps,
Off-hand like—just as I—
Was out of work—had sold his traps—
No other reason why.

V.
"Yes; good—and curious war is!
—You shoot a fellow down
That you would treat where any bar is,
Or help to half-a-crown."

Walter Hardy.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF THAT WELL-KNOWN BIBLIOPHILE, "C. K. S.": THOMAS HARDY'S "THE MAN HE KILLED"—A HOLOGRAPH MANUSCRIPT SIGNED.

The sale at Messrs. Sothebys on April 2 and two following days is of particular interest, for, to quote the catalogue, it comprises "A Selected Portion of the Library formed by the late Clement King Shorter, Esq., including his Collection of Works by and relating to Dr. Samuel Johnson, and of Autograph Manuscripts and Printed Books by the late Thomas Hardy, O.M." Amongst the more important of many important lots are an autographed copy of Barrie's "The Allahakbarrie Book of Broadway Cricket," two pages of an early draft of Robert Blair's "The Grave," holograph manuscript copies of George Borrow's "Alf the Freebooter" and "Little Danneved and Swayne Trost," a letter from Dr. Johnson to his lawyer, William Strahan, and the "exceedingly rare and perhaps unique" Letter from John Wilkes to "The Publick Advertiser" regarding Johnson's Dictionary.

seeks to show the nearer results to be anticipated from the present trend of affairs. The book palpitates with controversy, and "bowls out" many popular institutions and personalities; but it commands attention, even when it provokes disagreement, as the most stimulating and far-sighted work of political criticism and suggestion produced in these days. Perhaps the best chapters are those on war and prevalent delusions about world peace. Altogether, as an expression of the Wellsian faith, I prefer this compact little book to the elaborate "World of William Clissold," where story and treatise mutually encumber each other.

Is Mr. Wells right in asserting that "three-quarters of the information we get from China is untrustworthy on

Sunlit Bowers of the Snow Queen: An Alpine Paradise.



"THE TREES WEAR FINE FEATHERS AND PLUMES OF WHITENESS": A WINTER SPORT FAIRYLAND—
NEW-FALLEN SNOW ON A FOREST STREAM NEAR ST. MORITZ.

The beauties of Alpine snow have been charmingly described by Mr. E. F. Benson, the famous novelist, in his "Winter Sports in Switzerland." "If snow has fallen while wind is blowing," he writes, "it is driven into all manner of curving wave crests and undulations; then . . . a night of

frost congeals the outlines, and the trees wear fine feathers and plumes of whiteness. . . . The frozen snow reflects the wonderful azure and gold of sun and sky. . . . Marvellous, too, are the dealings of the frost with the running streams and the lakes such as those at St. Moritz and Davos."

Will the Golden Age of Sail Return to the Sea?

FROM THE DRAWING BY FRANK H. MASON. (COPYRIGHTED.)



"MORNING MISTS."

The day of the sailing ship is possibly not yet over, for a Norwegian ship-builder, Captain Blom, has devised a new type of four-masted barque (with steel hull) which would be economical to run and could make 23 knots. Sailing barques have been much in evidence of late. Two—the "Beatrice"

and the "Herzogin Cecilie"—are engaged in an ocean race from Australia to Falmouth. Another, the six-masted "E. R. Sterling," lately limped into the Thames after battling through a hurricane. The Russian four-masted sailing barque "Tovarisch" lately collided with and sank the S.S. "Alcantara."

THE "VICTORY" IN 1921; AND AS KING AMANULLAH WILL SEE HER.



2
Trafalgar have been replaced in the ship, but the later guns were removed to lessen the strain on her hull, and wooden "dummy" replicas of them have been ranged along the dock beside her, as shown in the lower photograph. When completed, the "Victory" will present an exact picture of an old "wooden wall" in sea-going trim, even to the tables laid out on the mess deck and hammocks slung. She lies in the world's oldest dry dock, said to have been built by Henry VIII. New concrete walls have been constructed, and the ship is supported by projecting steel rods. The "Victory" was ordered in 1758, the year of Nelson's birth, and she originally cost £67,000. The work of reproducing her appearance and fittings as they were when Trafalgar was fought (in 1805) has entailed an enormous amount of research.

NELSON'S FLAG-SHIP BEFORE RESTORATION TO TRAFALGAR CONDITIONS: H.M.S. "VICTORY" AS SHE WAS ON BEING DOCKED (IN 1921) AT PORTSMOUTH, OWING TO THE DANGER OF SINKING AT HER MOORINGS IN THE HARBOUR THROUGH LEAKY TIMBERS.

1
WHEN the King of Afghanistan visits Portsmouth Dockyard on March 19 he will be shown H.M.S. "Victory," now restored to the condition in which she was at Trafalgar. For many years she was moored in Portsmouth Harbour, wearing the aspect (of about 1840) shown in our upper photograph, but in 1921 she was found to be in danger of sinking owing to leaky timbers, and was towed into dock. The work of restoration is now almost complete, except for parts of the rigging, and is expected to be finished by next October. A recent description stated that, with the addition of the top-pollant spars, her mainmast, 213 feet high, would be the tallest structure in Portsmouth, visible from all parts of the city. To relieve the ship of the weight of the masts, they are supported on steel bases resting on the dock floor. The twelve surviving guns used in her at

[Continued in Box 2.]



THE "VICTORY" RESTORED TO "TRAFALGAR" CONDITIONS, WITH RIGGING ALMOST COMPLETED: THE SHIP IN DRY DOCK, WITH HER TRAFALGAR GUNS REPLACED, AND "DUMMY" REPLICAS OF LATER GUNS ON THE DOCK SIDE.



THE VAST EXpanse OF WATER COVERED BY THE SWIMMING CARIBOU: A RARE SPECTACLE ON THE YUKON DURING THEIR ANNUAL SOUTHWARD MIGRATION, WHEN THEY TRAVEL ON LAND IN IMMENSE HERDS, BUT SELDOM CROSS THE RIVER IN SUCH ENORMOUS NUMBERS.



WITH THEIR HUGE PALMATED ANTLETS FORMING A SERRATED PHALANX OF STRANGE GROWTHS, LIKE A JUNGLE OF CACTUS: A SECTION OF THE GREAT HERD OF CARIBOU SWIMMING ACROSS THE YUKON TOWARDS THE FORESTS OF THE SOUTH.



"CHARACTERISED BY THE GREAT DEVELOPMENT AND PALMATION OF ONE BROW-TINE OF THE ANTLES": A HERD OF CARIBOU (OR AMERICAN REINDEER) SWIMMING ACROSS THE YUKON—A REMARKABLE PROFILE SILHOUETTE.

CARIBOU SWIMMING THE YUKON RIVER: AN ANTLERED HOST ON TREK.



LIKE THE LEAVES OF SOME STRANGE WATER-PLANT: THE HEAD AND ANTLES OF A SINGLE CARIBOU SWIMMING ACROSS THE YUKON RIVER, CLOSE TO A PARTY OF INTERESTED SPECTATORS.

The remarkable photographs opposite show an immense herd of caribou (American reindeer) swimming across the Yukon River in north-western Canada, at a point about a hundred miles from Dawson City, Yukon Territory, during their last great annual migration southwards. Such a spectacle is rarely seen, for, although caribou often travel on land in herds of many thousands, they seldom cross the Yukon in such vast numbers. The photographs are published by courtesy of Mr. G. C. Hans Hamilton, Vice-President of the White Pass and Yukon Route. "American reindeer," says the "Royal Natural History," "are characterised by the great development and palmation of one brow-tine of the antlers, and the abortion of the other. There are two well-marked varieties. The first and smaller is the barren-ground caribou, found only in the barren Arctic districts north of the forest region of North America. Although much inferior in point of size to the woodland caribou, it has larger antlers. This variety of the reindeer makes extensive southerly migrations in autumn, in order to spend the winter in the forest regions tenanted by the woodland caribou. The two races show no tendency to intermingle. The larger woodland caribou is an inhabitant of the forest districts lying to the south of the barren northern lands. It never migrates towards the north in summer."

THE FINE ART OF COLLECTING.

V.—OBJECTS OF VERTU AND MINIATURES.

By *ARTHUR HAYDEN*, Author of "Bye-Paths in Collecting," "English China," "Old Furniture," etc.

Just when this snuff-box was being passed round, Napoleon was crossing the Alps by the Great St. Bernard Pass, to invade Italy. This little box, with its dark blue enamel and its rosettes in pale blue and white, has the lid decorated with a fine Richard Cosway miniature

Louis Quinze snuff-box chased with sprays of flowers on a matted ground, and here the lid is enamelled *en plein* with roses and tulips scattered on a slab of marble. Of the same period is another example exhibiting a greater exuberance of colour. Dark green enamel offers a background with stripes, and on the lid are plaques painted with fruit in enamel colours.

Of some ten years later, still Louis Quinze, is a fine box offering great colour. The lid and the base are decorated with enamel plaques painted with domestic scenes after Greuze. It shows delicate chasing with Cupids and festoons of flowers. The veining of lapis lazuli tempted the enameller to imitate it in his rich blue ground. This piece bears the mark of Julien Alaterre, Paris, 1768.

If the utilitarian finds a place in snuff-boxes, certainly used and usable, and perhaps more domestically in *etuis*, in needle-cases, and in ivory tablet cases, it is especially exemplified in the chatelaine. It has the sound of some abbess rattling her keys, or as though some seventeenth-century dame were governing her still-room maids or with hawk-like eyes auditing the layers of wine in the butler's pantry and the records from the cellars.

To find a chatelaine finely chased with Cupids is almost to come across a contradiction in terms. But a French example in the Hawkins collection of the period of Louis Quinze, with its three agate and gold seals with watch-key, to which is suspended a watch by Mercier of Paris, throws exquisite ornament aside, joins hands with mistresses of chatelaines of a later day, and seems to offer a note of modernity in the little grotesque fox or dog. It is just these touches in collecting that make the whole world kin.

Naturally, the collector of snuff-boxes with enamelled portraits finds himself at once in the realm of miniatures, and hence there are in the Hawkins collection a great number of miniatures which compel attention. As some consider, identification of the sitter may in a measure lessen the interest; it should not and does not decrease the artistic appreciation of a fine subject finely wrought; while there is, and there must be always, an added interest when, instead of, say, "A Lady with powdered curling hair," we are introduced with a bow and a fine touch of courtliness to "Sophia, Countess of Mulgrave," by Andrew Plimer.

The Hawkins collection will not easily pass and be forgotten. It has some fine moments. It holds some distinguished items that stir the imagination. If this be a portion, one can only wonder what greater treasures lie *perdu*, and whether, and when,



A LOUIS XV. GOLD CHATELAINE (WITH WATCH, KEY, AND SEALS) FINELY CHASED WITH CUPIDS: AN EXAMPLE WITH "A NOTE OF MODERNITY" IN THE HAWKINS COLLECTION.

"The utilitarian . . . is especially exemplified in the chatelaine. It has the sound of some abbess rattling her keys. . . . To find a chatelaine finely chased with Cupids is almost to come across a contradiction in terms."

Illustrations on this page by Courtesy of Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods.

of Maria Eleanora, wife of the third Earl of Clarendon, and daughter of Admiral Forbes.

The London Goldsmiths Company have their hall-mark for 1772 on another English snuff-box, the year Lord Chief Justice Mansfield uttered a dictum that a slave landing in England became free. These were the days of George III., when Warren Hastings became Governor of Bengal and when Captain Cook set out to prove in his voyage to the Southern Seas that there was no great continent there.

To come to George IV., there are two circular gold snuff-boxes with his portrait. One is in enamel, and shows him in uniform, in colour. The other, in profile, is in classical fashion, with a laurel wreath; this is chased.

In French examples, as may be anticipated, the collection is rich. There is an oval gold snuff-box with engraved panels which has the borders decorated with flowers in white on a green ground. The lid has the portrait of a lady by Petitot. One could wish it to be from the hand of Jean Petitot the elder, who died in 1691. In the Jones Bequest at the Victoria and Albert Museum there are some fifty enamel portraits by him, including Louis XIV., Cardinal Richelieu, Cardinal Mazarin, Molière, Mme. de Sévigné, Turenne, and many others. Certainly the portrait of the lady looks earlier than the Louis Quinze period to which it is ascribed. But it bears the name J. J. Prevost, Paris, which may date it.

A Teniers scene is the subject on another snuff-box lid with a floral scroll decoration chased on a polished gold ground. This has a dated inscription and mark of Eloi Brichard, Paris, 1757. In regard to the differences in technique in chasing, there is a



WITH AN ENAMEL PORTRAIT OF GEORGE IV. IN UNIFORM ON THE LID: AN ENGLISH CIRCULAR GOLD SNUFF-BOX IN THE HAWKINS COLLECTION (LONDON HALL-MARK, 1824).

The gold border is chased with a crown, the rose, shamrock and thistle, and the Horse of Hanover, with the crowned cypher beneath the base.

the London hall-mark of 1799, a year after the Battle of the Nile, when Nelson destroyed the French fleet and put an end to the Eastern schemes of Napoleon.



WITH A PORTRAIT OF GEORGE IV. CHASED ON A GOLD MEDALLION: AN ENGLISH CIRCULAR TORTOISE-SHELL SNUFF-BOX, LINED WITH GOLD, IN THE HAWKINS COLLECTION.

The head of George IV. is chased in profile, with a laurel wreath and classical attire. It is surrounded by a border of chased emblems and decorations, partly enamelled.

they may in their turn come forward to win the reward which must undoubtedly be paid to what is now offered.

THE "CIGARETTE-CASE" OF THE 18TH CENTURY: OLD SNUFF-BOXES.

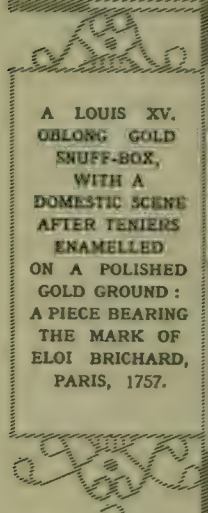
PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. CHRISTIE, MANSON, AND WOODS.



AN OLD ENGLISH GOLD SNUFF-BOX OF 1772: A RELIC OF THE YEAR WHEN THE LAW PRONOUNCED THAT A SLAVE LANDING IN ENGLAND BECAME FREE.



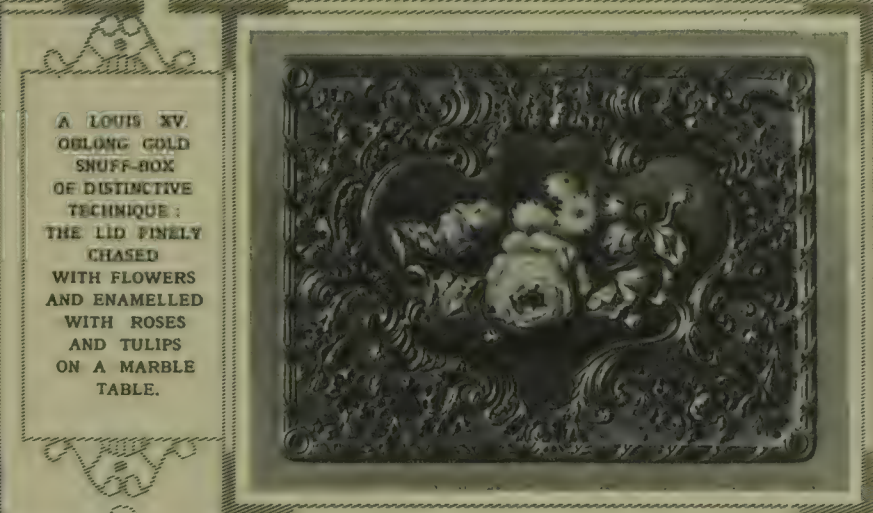
A LOUIS XV. OVAL GOLD SNUFF-BOX: A FINE PIECE OF COLOUR, WITH A DOMESTIC SCENE IN GRISAILLE AFTER GREUZE, AND BEARING THE MARK OF JULIEN ALATERRE, PARIS, 1768.



A LOUIS XV. OBLONG GOLD SNUFF-BOX, WITH A DOMESTIC SCENE AFTER TENIERS ENAMELLED ON A POLISHED GOLD GROUND: A PIECE BEARING THE MARK OF ELOI BRICHARD, PARIS, 1757.



A LOUIS XV. OBLONG GOLD SNUFF-BOX OF DISTINCTIVE TECHNIQUE: THE LID FINELY CHASED WITH FLOWERS AND ENAMELLED WITH ROSES AND TULIPS ON A MARBLE TABLE.



A LOUIS XVI. OCTAGONAL GOLD SNUFF-BOX: A GOLD PLAQUE (BENEATH GLASS) FINELY CHASED WITH A BOUCHER SCENE OF NYMPHS AND RIVER-GODS—BEARING THE MARK OF J. B. FOUACHE, PARIS, 1776.



A LOUIS XV. OBLONG GOLD SNUFF-BOX: A PANEL OF DARK-GREEN ENAMEL WITH CHASED GOLD BORDERS AND A QUATREFOIL ENAMEL PLAQUE PAINTED WITH FRUIT ON A MARBLE TABLE.



AN OLD ENGLISH OVAL GOLD SNUFF-BOX, WITH MINIATURE OF THE COUNTESS OF CLARENDON: A BOX BEARING THE LONDON HALL-MARK OF 1799, IN USE WHILE NAPOLEON WAS CROSSING THE ALPS.



A LOUIS XV. OVAL GOLD SNUFF-BOX, WITH AN ENAMEL PORTRAIT OF A LADY, BY PETITOT, ON THE LID, AND BORDER OF WHITE FLOWERS: A PIECE BEARING THE MARK OF J. J. PREVOST, PARIS.

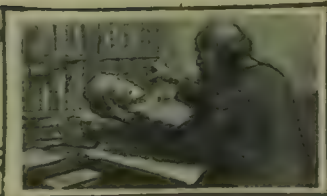


We illustrate here some of the chief treasures, in the form of eighteenth-century snuff-boxes, which will come under the hammer at Christie's on March 27 and the three following days, when there will be sold by auction "objects of vertu and miniatures, the property of Mrs. Jane Ellen Hawkins, being a portion of the celebrated collection formed by the late C. H. T. Hawkins, Esq." Most of the examples here shown are described by Mr. Hayden in his article on the opposite page. "Snuff-boxes," he writes, "have always had a fascination for collectors. They represent a fashion now obsolete, and they hold a place as something

reflective of the *beau monde* of the eighteenth century in this country and in France. Never again, perhaps, will so much delicacy of invention be displayed over so great and elegant a trifle as the jewelled and enamelled snuff-box. The correct deportment governing its use was the hall-mark of a gentleman. Tobacco in this form appealed to great ladies in the eighteenth century as much as does the cigarette to-day. But it cannot be advanced that such delightful art has been employed in fashioning the cigarette-case as went to the embellishment of the snuff-box."



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



A BIRD THAT BUILDS A NEST IN THREE STOREYS.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

INTEREST in "Natural History"—a term which in common speech has come to mean the study of wild birds and beasts, beetles and butterflies—is undoubtedly growing. But, for the most part, those whose leanings are in this direction have to be content with the creatures in their immediate neighbourhood. These, indeed, will supply food for thought for a lifetime. Yet no opportunity should ever be missed of studying unfamiliar types, either in zoological gardens or in museums, or even in books. And this because these "extraordinary" creatures add immensely to one's grasp of the "ordinary" everyday types.

Take a familiar bird like a swan, for example—a bird to be seen even in city parks wherever they possess a "lake"—and generally it will be the "mute-swan." But few people, probably, who watch its graceful movements when afloat realise that this is the only swan which raises its wings above its back as it sails along, thereby giving it an added grace lacking in all other swans. Nowadays, too, one can often see on the same piece of water the black swan from Australia and the black-necked swan of South America. Why should these three, all indubitable swans, be so strangely dissimilar?

The heron and the stork, again, are other familiar types which even the most casual observer would say were near relations. It is not, however, till we visit a museum or zoological gardens that we can gather any conception of the multiplicity of forms into which the heron and stork tribe have split up in the course of their evolution.

The heron and the stork may be taken as two branches of a common stem, and these branches have split up again and again, giving us herons, night-herons, egrets, and bitterns, for example, presenting a bewildering range of coloration and size, as well as striking differences in the length of the leg and the form of the beak. But just when we come to the conclusion that we can pass from one to the other by a series of comparatively easy gradations, we are confronted with types which are emphatically disconcerting. The brake is suddenly applied to our easy drift of thought.

A case in point is furnished by that singular bird known as the "hammer-head," a native of African woodlands in the neighbourhood of water, and ranging into Madagascar. Reminiscent both of the heron and the stork, it can be definitely referred to neither. The heron and the stork, we reflect, are long-legged birds; this bird certainly is not. The beak is reminiscent of the stork, but differs conspicuously in that it is laterally compressed; whilst the great backwardly directed crest makes it unlike any other member of the heron tribe. So much, indeed, does this crest dominate the bird that the Boers, when they first saw it, called it the "hammer-kop," whence our name "hammer-head"—the neck forming the handle, the heavy crest the striking head of the hammer, and the long beak the chisel-like counterpart of the striker.

Strange, too, is its coloration. For this is of a uniform umber-brown, with a purplish gloss; the tail only having a pattern, in the form of broad, black, transverse bars. But stranger still is its nest, so admirably shown in the two photographs (on this and the opposite page) taken by Mr. F. A. Cowan. Among the heron tribe it stands unique, for it is not only of great size, but it is a covered nest such as only magpies, and some few other birds, build. It is again remarkable in that the foundation is largely of clay, recalling the use of mud as a material for nests by

to complete. What it looks like when the roof is on is shown in the adjoining photograph. It is peculiar in yet another particular. The domed nest of the magpie contains but a single chamber; the hammer-head may construct two or even three chambers, entered from the outside by a common doorway, which may be seen in the photograph immediately under the roof, nearly half way-down and a little to the right of the outside left-hand main support.

Of these three chambers, the uppermost is said to be used as a sleeping-chamber. And in it are laid the eggs, white-shelled, and from three to five in number. They rest upon a bed of water-plants. Both parents take part in incubation. The middle chamber is used as a nursery for the young when they grow too big for the nest, while the lowermost chamber is used as an observation station.

It feeds largely on fish; but this diet is varied by reptiles, frogs, and insects. There is, however, nothing in its diet which affords any clue to the peculiar shape of the beak. In the matter of its flight, which is strong, it recalls the heron, inasmuch as it slightly bends its neck when in full career. In the herons, it will be remembered, the neck at this time is bent to such an extent as to bring the head close up against the back. The hammer-head gets no more than half-way towards this, but the stork flies with the neck straight out, as with the swans and ducks.

The indecisive character of this bird, as seen during life, is borne out by post-mortem study, which shows that we have here a very ancient type. It must, in short, have split off from the main stem of the heron branch at a very early date in the evolution of the group.

It is a matter of no little interest to note that it shows unmistakable affinities with another and even more remarkable African bird—the shoe-billed stork, which, again, has a most singular beak; an enormous beak, shaped like a great flat-bottomed boat; hence its other popular name, the "boat-bill." But this bird is a fish-eater, living largely on that curious fish, the "polypterus," whose body is armed with a mosaic of enamelled bony scales. There might seem, in this case, to be a direct relation between the shape of the beak and its peculiar kind of food. But that possibility seems to be discounted by the fact that a South American heron has a very similar "boat-bill," and we meet with it again in one of the king-fishers!

The restricted range in the geographical distribution of these three types—the hammer-head, the boat-bill stork, and the boat-billed heron—seems to show that their staple diet, whatever it be, is limited in quantity and distribution; so that if, and when, their numbers increase beyond the limit of the food-supply, the surplus population cannot emigrate, but must succumb to famine. Here is an aspect of the life history of the hammer-head which is worth making note of.



A "THREE-STOREY" NEST STRONG ENOUGH TO BEAR A MAN'S WEIGHT: THE COMPLETED HOME OF THE "HAMMER-HEAD" (SEEN BUILDING IT IN THE PHOTOGRAPH OPPOSITE), WITH ITS DOMED ROOF IN POSITION AND ENTRANCE JUST BENEATH IT (ON THE LEFT).

The complete nest (as shown above) is so firmly built that it will bear the weight of a man, and may measure from 1½ to 2 yards in diameter. Where there are no convenient trees, it may be built on a rocky ledge, or even on the ground.

the flamingo—another aberrant member of the stork tribe. The greater part of this structure, however, is formed of sticks, grass, rushes, and any oddments such as pieces of paper, rag, or battered tin cans, such as the white man loves to leave to mark his trail wherever he goes!

In the illustration opposite the builder is seen standing on one leg on its half-finished nest. Its construction is a leisurely process, building going on only during the early morning; so that one is not surprised to learn that it takes somewhere round about six months

"ONE BED; NURSERY; 'LOOK-OUT'": A BIRD'S THREE-ROOMED NEST.



A SUDANESE HAMMER-HEAD BUILDING ITS "THREE-STOREY" HOME: THE NEST HALF-FINISHED; WITHOUT ROOF.

The remarkable three-storey nest built by the Hammer-head (*Scopus umbretta*) is described by Mr. W. P. Pycraft on the opposite page, in connection with the two very interesting photographs (reproduced on that page and this) taken by Mr. F. A. Cowan, at Malakal, in the Sudan. In an additional note on the above illustration Mr. Pycraft says: "The Hammer-head is not a large bird, measuring no more than 2 ft. from the tip of the beak to the tip of the tail. As it is seen here, standing on its half-built nest, the justification for its singular name leaps to the eyes. It is seldom seen in broad daylight, or in numbers exceeding two or three at a time." The building of the nest, which

goes on only in the early morning, takes about six months. Its appearance when the roof is on is shown in the photograph opposite. "The Hammer-head," says Mr. Pycraft, "may construct two or even three chambers, entered from the outside by a common doorway. The uppermost is said to be used as a sleeping-chamber, and in it are laid the eggs. . . . The middle chamber is used as a nursery for the young when they grow too big for the nest, while the lowermost chamber is used as an observation station." The complete nest may measure from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 yards in diameter, and is strong enough to bear the weight of a man.

THE LAST HOURS OF EDITH CAVELL:

ACCORDING TO PASTOR LE SEUR, OF BERLIN, WHO MINISTERED AT THE EXECUTION.

In view of the intense interest that has been taken—and is still being taken—in the Nurse Cavell film "Dawn," we print the vital part of an Open Letter from Pastor Le Seur, of Berlin, to a Pastor in French Switzerland; a document of considerable moment in that Pastor Le Seur assisted Miss Cavell after the Court Martial, and ministered to her at the place of execution. We do this not with any wish to enter into the controversy, but in order that our readers may be made familiar once more with the splendid patriotism and unswerving bravery of Edith Cavell, whose last words to the Pastor were: "Tell Mr. Gahan to tell my loved ones later on that my soul, as I hope, is saved, and that I am glad to die for my Country." Our quotation is made by courtesy of "The Student Movement," which published the letter soon after the Armistice.

ONE day the Council of the Court Martial, whose difficult duty it was to conduct the prosecution of cases of espionage, told me that the next morning I should be required to assist an Englishwoman who was to be shot—Miss Edith Cavell. I shrank into my inmost soul at the thought of such a duty. I heard the name for the first time. I had known nothing of the proceedings. But of course I could not refuse so difficult a duty. I was not allowed to visit Miss Cavell before the verdict had been passed, which was pronounced at four o'clock in the afternoon. I was present at this transaction. Thirty-five accused persons were assembled in the Court, less one who had committed suicide. The verdicts were read in German and French. Of the nine death sentences that had been passed, only five were ratified, and I knew that only two were to be carried out on the principal offenders. It was heartrending to see the reflection of the verdict on their faces.

All the accused remained perfectly calm except two, who burst into tears, and these were the two who were to be released. They were a simple labourer, whose feelings got the better of him, and a lady, whose husband, standing next her, had been condemned to hard labour. The accused had formed an organisation with the object of bringing men of military age over the Dutch frontier, in order that they might join their Regiments in England to fight against us. They had succeeded in only too many instances, to the great detriment of our army.

Miss Cavell and a Belgian architect, Mr. Bauqc, a Roman Catholic, were looked upon as the chief offenders.

Edith Cavell was an educated lady, about forty years old. She had been working in Brussels for ten years as head nurse in a large private clinic. If I am rightly informed, she not only conducted the training of the nurses, but had introduced the English method of nursing into Belgium. Because of her calling, the German authorities had given her complete liberty. She misused their confidence to further the aims of this organisation. She took men able to fight into her clinic under the protection of the Red Cross to enable them to reach Holland from there; she has herself confessed to having helped at least 250 men to get over the frontier; that was equivalent to a platoon, which of course would fire on our soldiers. The judge had reason to assume that the numbers were even higher.

After the verdict had been read I conducted Miss Cavell to an adjoining room. To make it a little easier for her I had offered to tell her myself that the verdict was to be carried out on the following morning. It was unspeakably difficult for me to carry out my intention. She herself came to my rescue. "How long will they give me?" "Alas, only till to-morrow morning." For a moment her face flushed up, and tears came into her eyes, but only for seconds. I offered her my services as a Pastor, and said I was at her disposal at any hour of the day or night, but she politely and firmly declined this offer. "Can I do anything to help you? Try not to see the German in me, but only the servant of our Lord and Master, who is quite at your disposal." She then asked me if it would be possible to inform her old mother of eighty in England, so that she might not get the news first from the newspapers. I promised her to do all in my power to fulfil

this request, and as far as my knowledge goes it was done. She further asked me if she could give me letters to be forwarded to her loved ones at home. I again promised her to do all I could. These letters had to be given up to the German Authorities, who, I hope, forwarded them. She said that during the ten weeks following her arrest she had been counting on no other result of the trial but this. It was greatly on my mind that she should have spiritual help in this great distress. I therefore did something for which I had no legal right. I felt deeply that she could not accept any help from a German in the uniform that she must surely hate. Moreover, according to the principles of her Anglican Church, it was hardly possible for her to receive the Holy Communion from anyone but an Anglican clergyman. But I knew and respected the Anglican Chaplain at Brussels, the Rev. H. S. T. Gahan, a true Christian, who was allowed to conduct his services during the whole of the occupation. So I asked Miss Cavell whether she would like Mr. Gahan to come to her to give her the Holy Communion. Her eyes shone, and she joyfully accepted this proposal. Finally, I told her it would be my duty to help her in the last moments—should I try to get Mr. Gahan to come instead of me? I was doubtful whether this would be allowed. She declined this offer with great decision. "That would be far too hard a task for Mr. Gahan, who is not used to such things." "Ah, Miss Cavell, I am not used to them either. But would I be doing you a favour if I were to come for

deep respect. We then got into the motor that was awaiting us in the yard. A few moments later the Roman Catholic Priest, Father Leyendecker, came out of the same door with the other accused person, Mr. Bauqc, an architect, of about thirty-five years of age. Bauqc went round to each of the German soldiers on guard; he shook hands with them and said: "We will bear no malice." And then our two motors drove out into the morning.

I sat next Edith Cavell to accompany her to her own burial. I had taken a small bottle of Eau de Cologne with me, but she refused to use it. It was not necessary, she said. She sat quietly at my side, and I did nothing else except repeat a line of Scripture or a verse of an English hymn to her now and then. She was wonderfully calm. When we reached the place a company of soldiers were drawn up, under the command of an officer. A Counsel with his secretary, an officer from the Commandant, and a doctor were there. We clergymen led the accused to the front; the soldiers presented arms, and the sentence was read in French and German. Mr. Bauqc called out, with a clear voice, "Comrades, in the presence of death we are all comrades!" He was not allowed to say more. The verdict was read, and the last word was spoken to the accused by us clergymen. I thought it best to make this as short as possible. I took Miss Cavell's hand and said, in English of course, "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ and the love of God and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost be with thee now and for ever. Amen." She returned the clasp of my hand, and answered something to this effect: "Tell Mr. Gahan to tell my loved ones later on that my soul, as I hope, is saved, and that I am glad to die for my Country." Then I led her a few steps to the pillar, to which she was loosely tied. A bandage was put over her eyes; the soldier told me they were full of tears. Then some seconds passed—they seemed endless to me—because the Roman Catholic Priest spoke longer to Mr. Bauqc—till he also stood at his pillar. Then the sharp word of command was heard; two volleys rang out at once, ten men, five paces distant, and without a sound the two accused sank to the ground. A few minutes later the coffins were put into the earth, and I prayed by Edith Cavell's grave, and pronounced the blessing. But when I got home I felt sick in my soul.

My duty was solely that of the pastor. But I can testify that, firstly, the whole sad affair was carried through without the slightest hitch; that in my opinion Miss Cavell's death was instantaneous and without

any pain; that, as far as I could see, all present tried to treat the accused as kindly as they possibly could. . . . It is not for me to judge whether the sentence was legally right or not. I am not a lawyer, nor have I direct knowledge of the case. My judgment as a layman is this: legally the verdict seems to stand as right; politically it was to my mind a grave mistake. Morally it belongs to those dire necessities above mentioned. Miss Cavell did have a Belgian counsellor. . . . Will we not hold those words sacred as Edith Cavell's legacy, Patriotism is not enough—and we are to hate no one, but to love all?

I love my fatherland, and it were sin if I were not to be loyal. When I drove to the place of execution on that sad morning with Edith Cavell I deeply realised two things—the utter cruelty of war, and the glory of that Kingdom of God that stands high above the Nations; that united me to the accused in my inmost soul. We want to serve this Kingdom, do we not? I can see from your letter that this desire is alive in your soul also. . . .

An English friend has just written to me: "It is difficult to write in these days, when our hearts are sore about so many things. But I have just come from a Student Conference at Swanwick, and there at least one found real longing for a new world—for a world in which the Kingdom of God should be made manifest. In yours and in our own young generation—a 'lonely generation,' as it has been called—lies the hope for the future."

My dear brother, let us belong to this "lonely generation" which knows something higher than Patriotism, which has the will to love:

PAUL LE SEUR.



NURSE EDITH CAVELL: THE PHOTOGRAPH PUBLISHED IN "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" IN 1915.



NURSE EDITH CAVELL AS REPRESENTED BY MISS SYBIL THORNDIKE IN THE FILM "DAWN."

you here rather than to meet you at the place of execution?" She accepted this gratefully. I said some words of Christian comfort to her, and then we parted, after shaking hands warmly. I quickly hurried to Mr. Gahan, but he was not at home. What was I to do? He had to be told quickly, but, of course, the whole affair had to be kept secret. So I left a scrap of paper at his house with some English words, telling him to come to me as quickly as possible with his Communion vessels for a dying member of his congregation, who wished to see him. I went home with a heavy heart. It must have been after eight o'clock when the English clergyman at last came to my house. When I laid the whole matter before him he almost broke down. With the permission I had got for him, he then drove to the prison of St. Gilles. He was allowed to remain there as long as he wished, without any witnesses. Later on he told me, with the distinct permission to tell it to others, that Edith Cavell had said, just before she had taken the Communion, that, standing on the borders of Eternity, she now saw that patriotism was not enough, and that we were not to hate anyone, but to love all!

At the first streak of dawn, with a heavy heart, I drove to the prison. I asked to be announced to Miss Cavell. If I remember rightly, the soldier told me that she had been kneeling at her table. In the cell a gas jet was flickering. Two large withered bunches of flowers, which had stood there for ten weeks, gave one the impression of a grave. Miss Cavell had very carefully packed her small belongings into her handbag. I accompanied her through the long passages of the great prison. The Belgian warders stood there, and greeted her silently with

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



THE MARLOWE DRAMATIC SOCIETY: "CORIOLANUS" AT CAMBRIDGE.

The recent production of "Coriolanus" at the A.D.C. Theatre aroused much interest. The "Times" described it as "as lusty a Shakespearian affair as the bardolater could desire. . . . These were actors, we decided, whose enthusiasm for the stage permitted them to keep faith with the follies and shortcomings of democracy. . . . Only the amateur, prodigal of vigour, could make so thorough a business of Shakespeare's vindication of aristocracy."



THE WOMEN'S RIDE FROM PARIS TO CANNES: Mlle. GAIATRY, THE WINNER (R.).

Mlle. Gaiatry, who is a Hindu, won the Paris-Cannes horse-race after fourteen days of hard and plucky riding, during which she had a fall. There were five competitors, but one of them, Mlle. Eddy Wedd, had to retire owing to influenza. The distance was about 700 miles of all sorts of "going."



RIOTS IN EGYPT: A POLICE LORRY WIRE-SCREENED AGAINST STONES AND BRICKS.

After the British Note had been delivered to the Egyptian Government, there was a certain amount of rioting in Cairo and elsewhere. The police were "tin-hatted," carried shields against stones, and used screened lorries for further protection against stones and brickbats. A number were hurt.



RIOTS IN EGYPT: SHIELDED POLICE, ARMED WITH STICKS, PRACTISE CHARGING

The police who were forced to take action against the rioting students were protected against stones and brickbats by their "tin hats" and by shields. They were armed with stout sticks. Some of the "collisions" were rather serious, and there were casualties on both sides.



THE LATE MR. J. RATCLIFFE COUSINS.

A Metropolitan Magistrate attached to the West London Court. Aged sixty-four. In November he was knocked down by a motor-car and injured in the head, but he resumed work in January. Then he had a relapse. Later there were two operations.



H.M.S. "QUEEN ELIZABETH" RAMMED: HER DAMAGED SALOON BALCONY.

The steamer "Corinthic," leaving the Grand Harbour at Malta on March 3, rammed H.M. Battle-ship "Queen Elizabeth" and destroyed that war-ship's port-side saloon balcony. The "Corinthic's" bows were damaged. She had previously bumped the "Warspite" and destroyed her port boom.



THE LATE LADY CARBERY.

Lady Carbery was flying her "Moth" aeroplane at Nairobi, Kenya Colony, on March 12, when her machine developed a spin and fell. She jumped out, and was killed. Her passenger, Mr. Dudley Cowie, whom she was instructing in dual control, was also killed.



THE LATE REV. DR. J. H. SHAKESPEARE.

Dr. Shakespeare, the famous Baptist minister, died on March 12, aged seventy. He was Secretary of the Baptist Union of Great Britain and Ireland, 1898-1924, and European Secretary of the Baptist World Alliance; and he had held various other positions.

WAS NEOLITHIC MAN A CANNIBAL?

REMARKABLE DISCOVERIES OF AN UNKNOWN PHASE IN PRE-HISTORY—THE "OSSARN" CIVILISATION.

By J. BAYER, Vienna. (See Illustrations on the opposite Page.)

AT Grasberg, near Ossarn, in the district of Herzogenburg, in Lower Austria, there is a large settlement dating from the end of the Neolithic period, part of which I excavated last year. Many ancient pits were opened up, on land belonging to Messrs. Wegscheider and Bugl, and a very large number of finds were brought to light, representing a hitherto unknown civilisation, which is here illustrated for the first time. Some of these pits were proved, by their extent and shape, to have been dwellings (Fig. 2, on this page). The frequent occurrence of roofing clay attests the fact that they were once roofed over. Inside the whole cavity there were smaller pits which perhaps served as sleeping-rooms. Among the material that filled these dwelling-pits there were many fragments of clay vessels, and the bones of the animals which had been consumed there. The fare was varied, including sheep, pigs, oxen, horses, very frequently dogs, and rarely bears. The bones of large fishes were also found. All the bones are remarkably well preserved.

The majority of the pits, however, did not belong to this category of dwelling-places, but were rather cylindrical pits of small diameter. The arrangement of the contents is curious: in these pits, which vary greatly in depth, waste material had been deposited, so to speak, on a ritual method, as otherwise it is hardly possible to understand why each layer of refuse, containing fragments of vessels, bones, stone hatchets, arrow-heads, bone awls and chisels, etc., is covered with a yellow layer of clay, so that a sectional view shows alternate dark and yellow layers (Fig. 3 on the opposite page). This fact, with the strictly cylindrical form of most of the pits, no doubt indicates that here were observed certain religious rules which forbade mere casual throwing away of rubbish.

At the base of one such cylindrical pit were found the remains of a cannibal meal, consisting of small fragments of partly burnt human bones from an individual of about fifteen years of age, and also a so-called "pile-dwelling vessel" placed on its mouth, together with fragments of vessels which may have been used at that meal (Fig. 6). The most interesting of these remains is a vessel with pins, or pivots, on its inner surface. This represents one of the new ceramic types which Ossarn has supplied. It is probably a household utensil in the form of an urn of peculiar design.

In addition to this type, there were found several others hitherto

unknown, or to which no date can as yet be assigned. The most important of these are shown by our Figure 4. One of these types (Fig. 4, D and E), which may be described as particularly typical, is an urn having at the top or sides two projections, with a hole bored through, and

particularly the small ones. There are also dishes with the interior divided by a central partition, obviously in order to prevent mixing of the foods. They are adorned at the end with curious buttons and loop handles. Peculiar likewise is the ornamentation of the Ossarn vessels, consisting mostly of patterns with lines and angles and impressed dots. (Fig. 5, A). Some of these dots are filled with white paste.

In almost every pit were found shallow dishes having a peculiar feature which, with its two sharp-angled peaks, suggests an enormous *ansa lunata* (i.e., a handle shaped like the horns of the moon) (Fig. 5, B and C). Attached to the outside is a small handle in the form of a ring. These vessels, which are characteristic of the discovery, I have designated "Ossarn plates."

Various implements made of bone and stone are illustrated in Fig. 1 (adjoining photograph). In one place there were found six vessels standing in a row, each covered by a clay lid. Possibly this is a symbolic grave; that is, a "cenotaph" for a person who had disappeared.

Seeing that Ossarn, as mentioned at the outset, displays a phase of prehistoric culture hitherto unknown anywhere else, we have coined for it the name of the "Ossarn civilisation."

In the scientific work concerning this discovery, I shall show that it appertains to the end of the Neolithic period, and had a wide circle of influence, comprising large parts of Central Europe and also parts of Czechoslovakia, Austria, Hungary, and other countries to which vessels with band-shaped handles are peculiar. I therefore term it the "Culture circle of the band-

handle ceramic art." To this circle the Ossarn civilisation belongs. As is also shown by copper objects discovered at Ossarn, its period of civilisation belongs to the Copper Age, and probably, in part at any rate, passes into the Bronze Age. This theory is evidenced by cups or dishes, the form of which very closely corresponds to that of the Aunjetitz civilisation of the Bronze Age. Hence it follows that the band-handle ceramic art, and therefore the Ossarn civilisation likewise, belong to about the period 2500 to 2000 B.C.

The excavations have been carried out at the expense of the Verein der Freunde des Naturhistorischen Museums, at the head of which is the former Austro-Hungarian Ambassador in London, Count Mensdorff-Pouilly. It is intended to continue the work this year.

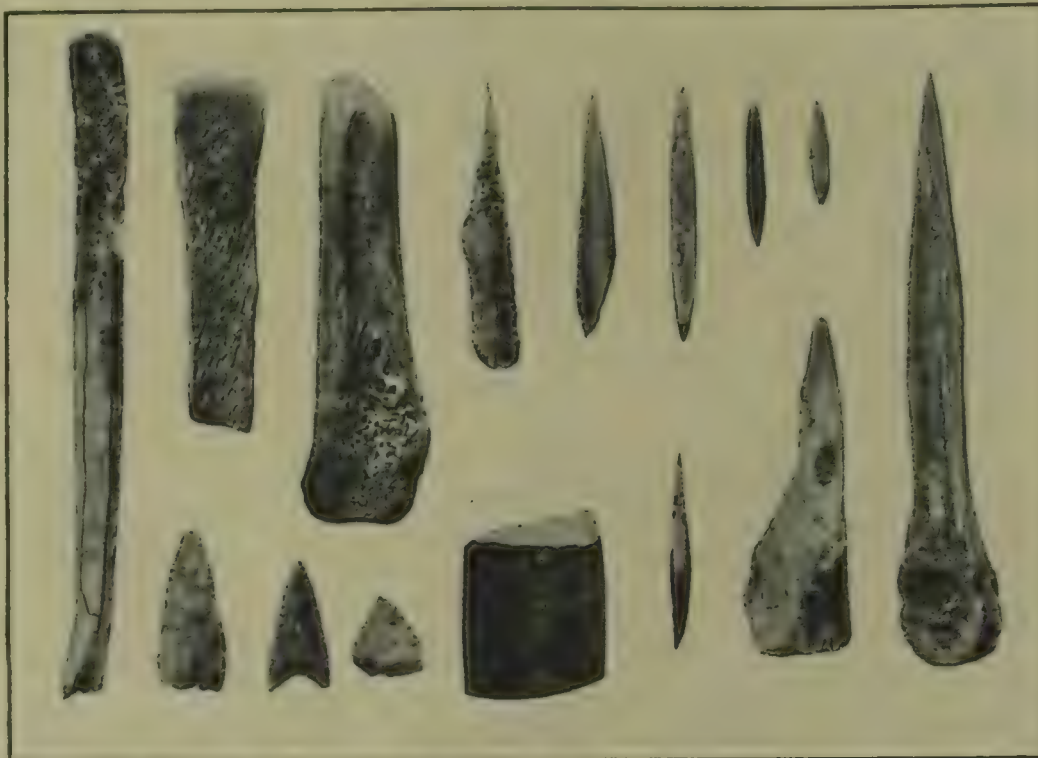


FIG. 1.—RELICS OF A HITHERTO UNKNOWN TYPE OF LATE NEOLITHIC CULTURE IN AUSTRIA: VARIOUS BONE AND FLINT IMPLEMENTS FOUND DURING THE EXCAVATIONS AT OSSARN.

two ribs running from these projections to the base, the edge of which is likewise perforated. The vessel was, therefore, evidently intended for suspension. Numerous dishes and cups have large band-shaped handles (Fig. 4, A, B, and C) rising in a high loop. They were no doubt used as ladles and the like,

show that it appertains to the end of the Neolithic period, and had a wide circle of influence, comprising large parts of Central Europe and also parts of Czechoslovakia, Austria, Hungary, and other countries to which vessels with band-shaped handles are peculiar. I therefore term it the "Culture circle of the band-



FIG. 2. EXCAVATIONS WHICH HAVE ADDED A NEW CHAPTER TO THE RECORDS OF PREHISTORIC ARCHÆOLOGY: A LARGE PIT ON THE OSSARN SITE, SHOWING (ON THE RIGHT) SMALLER CAVITIES PROBABLY USED AS SLEEPING-PLACES BY THE NEOLITHIC INHABITANTS.

CANNIBALISM; PECULIAR POTTERY; "RITUAL" DISPOSAL OF REFUSE:

RELICS OF AN UNKNOWN PREHISTORIC RACE.



FIG. 3. "EACH LAYER OF REFUSE IS COVERED OVER WITH A YELLOW LAYER OF CLAY": A SECTIONAL VIEW OF A CYLINDRICAL PIT AT OSSARN, SHOWING SEVERAL ALTERNATE STRATA OF DEBRIS AND CLAY.

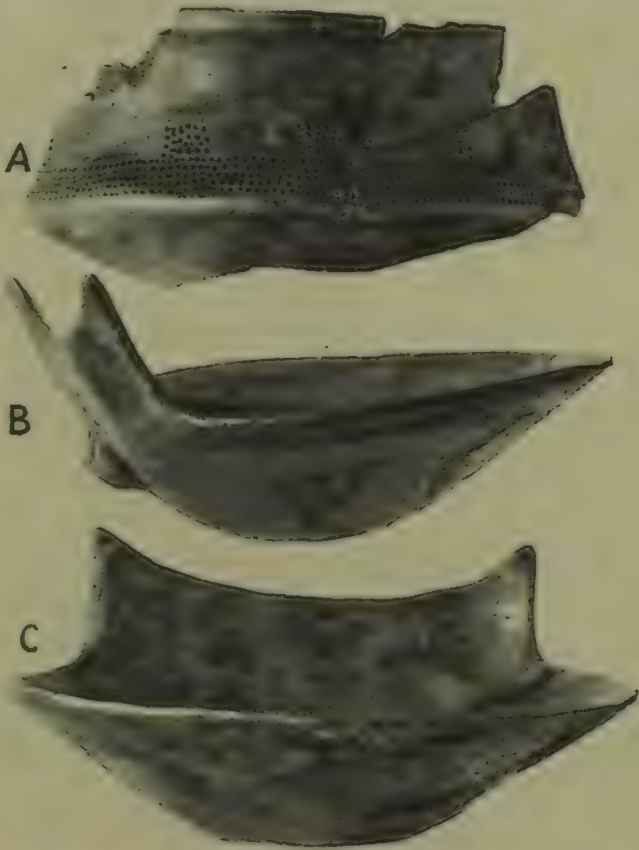


FIG. 5. PECULIARITIES OF "OSSARN" POTTERY: (A) A PATTERN OF IMPRESSED DOTS FILLED WITH WHITE PASTE; (B AND C) SHALLOW DISHES WITH CURIOUS HORNED HANDLES OR PROJECTIONS.



FIG. 4. "OSSARN" POTTERY OF HITHERTO UNKNOWN TYPE: (A, B, AND C) DIPPERS OR LADLES WITH HIGH BAND-SHAPED HANDLES; (D AND E) RIBBED URNS WITH PROJECTIONS AND BASE PERFORATED FOR SUSPENSION.



FIG. 6. "THE REMAINS OF A CANNIBAL MEAL": OBJECTS FOUND AT THE BASE OF A ROUND PIT, INCLUDING "SMALL FRAGMENTS OF PARTLY BURNT HUMAN BONES, FROM A PERSON AGED ABOUT FIFTEEN."

The story of the remarkable discoveries at Ossarn, in Lower Austria, which have revealed a hitherto unknown phase of prehistoric civilisation, is told on the opposite page by Herr Bayer, of Vienna, the archæologist in charge of the excavations. The above photographs, showing some of the objects which he describes, are numbered to correspond with the references in his article. He considers that this newly-discovered culture, to which he has given the name of "the Ossarn civilisation," belongs to the end of the Neolithic period, and may be regarded as dating from about 2000 or 2500 B.C. In one of the pits unearthed were found traces of

cannibalism, consisting of fragments of partly burnt human bones and pieces of pottery which may have been used during the meal. The Ossarn pottery, as the photographs show, has several peculiar and distinctive forms, hitherto, it is said, unknown to archæology. A curious feature of the pits excavated is the arrangement of the contents in alternate layers of refuse and clay, apparently in accordance with some kind of ritual or religious regulations. Examples of these layers may be seen above in Fig. 3. The excavations are to be continued this year, and may be expected to result in further interesting discoveries.

FROM THREE QUARTERS: A REPRISAL; MUSEUM NEWS; A "DOG DERBY."



A NUER "STRONGHOLD OF WIZARDRY" BLOWN UP: BEFORE THE EXPLOSION.
The punitive operations against the Nuers came to an end last month in both the affected districts. In the Shambe area the bombing of Nuer cattle taught a lesson, and the loyal chiefs are helping in the projected arrest of those implicated in the murder of Captain Fergusson. The Lau Nuer operations finished with the blowing-up of the pyramid of Dengkur, which is here illustrated.



A NUER "STRONGHOLD OF WIZARDRY" BLOWN UP: AFTER THE EXPLOSION.

The Dengkur pyramid was an earth structure commemorating a witch doctor. It was blown up on February 9, in the presence of thirty-four Lau chiefs. In the photograph some of these chiefs are seen standing on the debris, with the Political Officer of the Lau Nuers. The act was an effective reprisal. As the "Times" had it: "The destruction of this stronghold of wizardry symbolises the downfall of the witch doctors, the blow to whose prestige is complete."



THE WRIGHT AEROPLANE IN LONDON: THE MAKER OF THE FIRST FREE FLIGHT.

The original (1903) Wright aeroplane—the first flying-machine to make a controlled, free, and lengthy flight—is now in the Science Museum at South Kensington. A dummy has been posed to illustrate the way in which the pilot lay on the lower plane; and it is possible to see clearly how the elevators were worked by hand and how the rudder and warp were controlled by a yoke round the middle of the airman's body.



THE SCIENCE MUSEUM'S NEW WING: TO BE OPENED BY THE KING.

The King will open the new wing of the South Kensington Museum on March 20. The extension will house the products of science as applied to industry. Scientific instruments are to be on the ground floor, and the Museum's remarkable ships collection has been arranged in the galleries. This comprises about a thousand models.



A THREE-DAY EVENT WON BY UNDER THREE MINUTES: A STARTER IN THE "DOG DERBY."

Great interest was evinced in the Quebec Eastern International "Dog Derby," which took place towards the end of February. It is a three-days' event, and the winner, Emil St. Goddard, a young "musher" of The Pas, Manitoba, was less than three minutes ahead of the second, Leonhardt Seppalla, of the Brown Corporation.



THE QUEBEC THREE-DAY "DOG DERBY": A COMPETITOR DRIVING HIS TEAM IN THE BIG EVENT.

Thanks to a stern contest with Earl Brydges, which lasted for some twenty miles, Emil St. Goddard knocked forty minutes off his 1927 record. Seppalla was 2 min. 43 sec. behind him at the finish. St. Goddard thus won his third victory in the Quebec "Dog Derby." He won £200 for himself and captured the Gold Cup outright for the Ontario Paper Company, his employers. Earl Brydges was third, ten minutes behind.

SHORES OF
OLD ROMANCE:
THE COLOUR OF
"THE WARM SOUTH."

"PROVENCE is the land of sun and colour; not perhaps the rioting colours of Spain and Portugal, but rich and glowing enough. A land of vine and olive, a land made for poetry, and, as all know, the land of early poets, a nest of singing-birds who taught the rest of Europe to sing aright. And if this seems to lie away in the past, there is the present-day glow of the Provençal renaissance, and, in especial, of the great Provençal epics, 'Calendau,' and 'Mirèio,' of Mistral." — From "A Wayfarer in Provence" by F. I. Robinson (Methuen).



"CÔTE DE PROVENCE": BY CH. H. G. DAGNAC-RIVIÈRE.

Exhibited in 1902, Paris Salon (Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts).

SONG-HAUNTED
PROVENCE;
AND MOONLIGHT
ON THE RIVIERA.

"THIS exquisite coast, which the French affectionately and appropriately name the *côte d'azur* . . . is but a strip of almost tropical loveliness between the 'tideless sea' and a chain of mountains. . . . At dusk they turn to the sweet, sad 'blue of dead violets, that has a hint of white in it. In moonlight they are transformed to palely glinting opals. . . . Umbrella pines are blots of ink thrown on the sky's blue arch.'" — From "The Lure of Monte Carlo," by Mrs. C. N. Williamson. (Mills and Boon.)



"CLAIR DE LUNE SUR LA CÔTE D'AZUR": BY ARSÈNE CHABANIAN.

Exhibited in the 1907 Paris Salon (Société des Artistes Français).

"An Unknown World—the World of the Jew": The Remarkable Art of Isidor Kaufmann.

"THE
CONSECRATION
OF THE
CANDLES"
A PIOUS JEWESS,
"ALONE IN HER
POORLY
FURNISHED
ROOM, WHERE
THE SABBATH
CANDLES
FLICKER"



AKIN TO THE HIGH PRIEST: A YOUNG BOY WITH RITUAL
SYMBOLS OF A JEWISH FESTIVAL.



"LISTEN, O ISRAEL": A TYPE OF THE JEWISH "WISE OLD MEN"
PAINTED BY ISIDOR KAUFMANN.



"IN THE BETH
HAMIDRASH"
A STUDING
SCENE FROM
JEWISH LIFE
BY THE LATE
ISIDOR
KAUFMANN.
"THE PAINTER
OF THE
VIENNESE
GHETTO."



A YOUNG RABBI (FROM "A") A FINE EXAMPLE OF ISIDOR
KAUFMANN'S JEWISH PORTRAITURE

"THE FANATIC
A TYPE OF
THOSE WHO
"HARDCENED"
THEMSELVES
IN SYNAGOGUES
TO AVOID
BEING
PAINTED"



In an essay on the art of the late Isidor Kaufmann, by Herman Menkes, who calls him "the painter of the Viennese Ghetto," we read: "Kaufmann was . . . the discoverer of an unknown world—the world of the Jew." Elsewhere the same writer says: "The first place in the Jewish world is held by the men, and this may be why women are so seldom seen on his canvases. The Jewess is difficult to persuade to sit as a model, and to be painted is associated with dishonour in the East. The pious Jewess is a very submissive creature. In her poverty-stricken home Kaufmann paints her as a saint. On a Friday evening her husband and children would be in the synagogue. She is then alone in her poorly furnished room, where the Sabbath candles flicker. With her hands

before her face, she is bending over the lights in humble devotion, and her mind is at peace. This is a sad and solemn picture of the Jewish Holy Day." Of Kaufmann's career we read: "He was born, the son of an army officer, on March 22, 1854, in the little town of Arad. Later he attended the Academy of Painting in Budapest, and then in Vienna. In small towns of Hungary, Galicia, and Russian Poland, he discovered his own line of art, despite the difficulty of finding models. Religious fanatics barricaded themselves in synagogues to escape being painted. In St. Petersburg he was patronised by the Tsar of Russia, and there he earned his first big success."

THE TWO LITRE ROVER SIX



BRITAIN'S BEST
MODERATE PRICED
SIX CYLINDER CAR

£425

WHITLEY

FINE ACTING ON THE MODERN ENGLISH STAGE : "GIANTS" IN THESE DAYS, AS IN "THOSE."



MR. CHARLES LAUGHTON IN "A MAN WITH RED HAIR," AT THE LITTLE THEATRE: THE TORTURER BAFFLED—(L. TO R.) DAVID DUNBAR (MR. ION SWINLEY), MR. CRISPIN (MR. LAUGHTON), AND HARKNESS (MR. J. H. ROBERTS).



MR. FRANK LAWTON IN "YOUNG WOODLEY," AT THE SAVOY THEATRE: THE MASTER'S WIFE VISITS THE PREFECTS' ROOM: (L. TO R.) WOODLEY (MR. LAWTON), AINGER (MR. JACK HAWKINS), AND LAURA (MISS FRANCES DOBLE).



MISS GENEVIEVE TOBIN IN "THE TRIAL OF MARY DUGAN," AT THE QUEEN'S THEATRE: MARY, ACCUSED OF MURDER, ENDURES "THIRD DEGREE" CROSS-EXAMINATION BY THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY (MR. ELWOOD F. BOSTWICK).



MISS GENEVIEVE TOBIN IN "THE TRIAL OF MARY DUGAN": AN AMERICAN COURT SCENE—THE PRISONER'S BROTHER JIMMY (MR. MORGAN FARLEY, SECOND FROM RIGHT) TAKES UP HER DEFENCE.



MISS ROSALINDE FULLER AND MR. MAURICE BROWNE IN "THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER," AT WYNDHAM'S THEATRE: THE SCENE AT DAWN BETWEEN THE BETROTHED AND THE SOLDIER.



MR. OWEN NARES IN "TWO WHITE ARMS," AT THE AMBASSADORS THEATRE: (L. TO R.) MULLINS (MR. FRANK HARVEY), LYDIA (MISS MARDA VANNE), MAC, THE JEALOUS MECHANIC (MR. NIGEL BRUCE), AND CARY LISTON (MR. NARES).

Those who believe that "there were giants in those days," and that the present generation is composed of pigmies, are fond of comparing the modern English stage unfavourably with that of the past. There is no such acting nowadays, they declare, as there was in former times, and they cite various famous names to support their case. All this we heartily disbelieve, and we may recall what Mr. J. T. Grein said in our pages a few weeks ago: "The English actor is second to none in the world." There are several individual performances, both by English and American players, now to be seen on the London stage, which

prove that the acting of the present day attains a very high level of quality. We give examples from five current plays of different types—"Grand Guignol" sensation in "A Man with Red Hair"; schoolboy romance in "Young Woodley"; American "crook" thrills in "The Trial of Mary Dugan"; war-time drama in "The Unknown Warrior"; and light comedy in "Two White Arms."

THE UNPARALLELED NEEDLEWORK EXHIBITION AT

SIR PHILIP SASSOON'S: ROYAL AND OTHER PIECES.



A PANEL OF NEEDLEWORK BEGUN BY MARGARET BEAUFORT, MOTHER OF HENRY VII. AND HALF-SISTER TO SIR JOHN ST. JOHN, AND FINISHED BY LATER MEMBERS OF THE FAMILY.



A MODEL BED WITH EMBROIDERED HANGINGS OF LATE ELIZABETHAN STYLE.



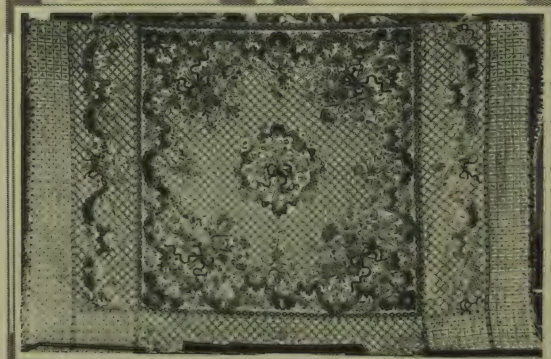
CHAIR, SPANGLES. JAMES I.



A WALNUT WRITING ARM-CHAIR, ITS SEAT COVERED WITH PETIT-POINT NEEDLEWORK. (CIRCA 1720.)



A GILT CHAIR, LOUIS XIV.



A QUILT WORKED BY QUEEN CAROLINE, WIFE OF GEORGE II., AND HER LADIES: A GIFT TO THE FIRST DUCHESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND IN 1742.

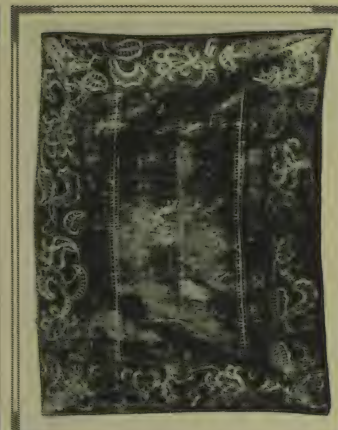


A STUART CABINET: A PIECE MADE BY NUNS FOR ONE OF THE FURNEAUX FAMILY.



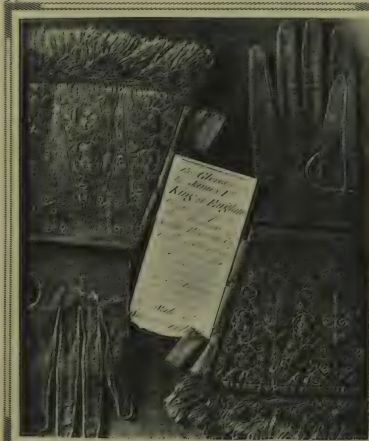
"A SECTION OF THE FORMAL GARDEN AT STOKE EDITH."

This is one of two pieces of petit-point needlework which are understood, by tradition, to have been worked by the five wives of Thomas Foley at the beginning of the eighteenth century. The other piece depicts gods and goddesses. Our readers may find it interesting to compare this formal garden with the model garden in the Charles II. needlework cabinet illustrated in colours in our issue of March 10.



A CHRISTENING CLOTH THAT BELONGED TO QUEEN ANNE

The full description of this exhibit is: "Pink velvet and silver lace Christening Cloth, which belonged to Queen Anne, and was used to christen her children. Pockets were to contain presents for the nurse."



GLOVES WORN BY KING JAMES I.

A card accompanying these gloves reads: "THE GLOVES worn by JAMES I., KING OF ENGLAND. Originally from the Museum of Ralph Thoresby Esqre. As the authenticity is unquestionable they present an interesting relic of ANCIENT COSTUME. (16th day of sale, page 13 in Catalogue.) Purchased from the SALE at STRAWBERRY HILL."



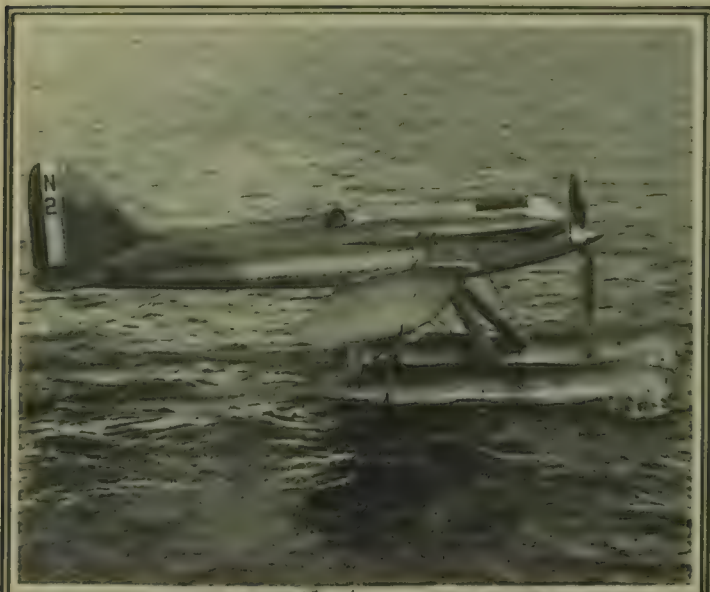
A LINCEN-CASE WORKED BY QUEEN ELIZABETH AND HER GOVERNESSES—THE ORIGINAL "E.P." OF THE PRINCESS ALTERED TO THE "E.R." OF THE QUEEN.

Under this in the Exhibition is a card with the inscription: "This was worked by Queen Elizabeth and her governesses." It may be added, as an additional note of interest, that the E.P. of the Princess Elizabeth was These letters are seen on the left and right of the centre. The catalogue description is: "A lincen-case, with remains of ribbon ties, bearing the Royal Arms before the Union with the Crown of Scotland, worked in fine petit-point on a silver ground. The initials E.R., S.B., M.B., suggest that it was worked by three people, which is also evident in the embroidery."

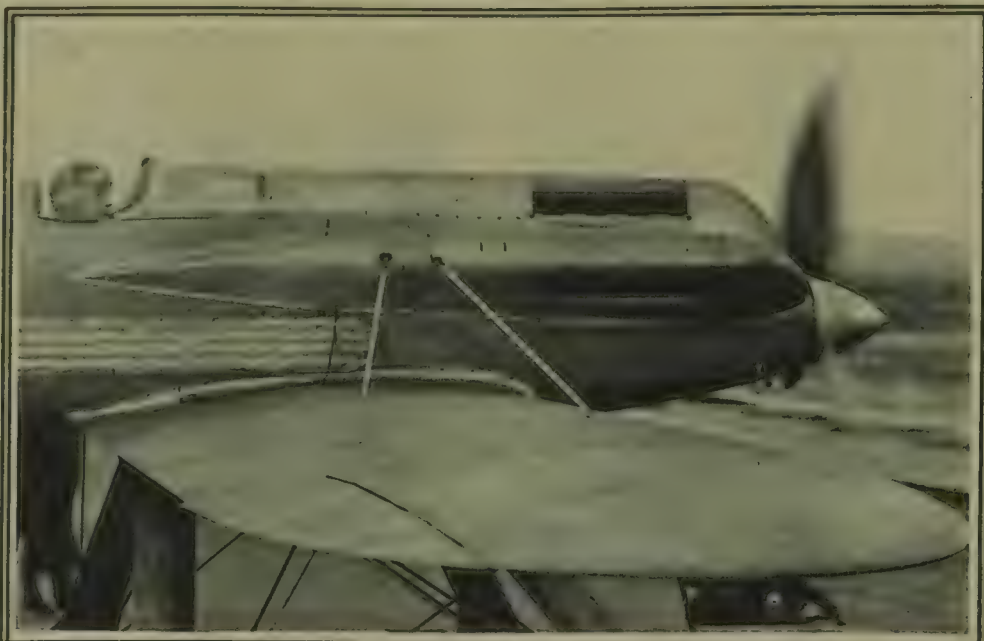
As we noted briefly in our issue of last week, in which we illustrated some of the items, a very remarkable Exhibition of Early English Needlework and Furniture is being held at Sir Philip Sassoon's house, 25, Park Lane, in aid of the Royal Northern Hospital. So much attention has it attracted, indeed, that, whereas it was to have closed on the 11th, it is now open indefinitely. There are no fewer than 574 exhibits, and it may be stated with assurance that every one is worth the showing. With regard to certain of the illustrations here given, we make the following notes. The walnut writing arm-chair, dating from about 1720, is of unusual design with cabriole legs, carved on the knees, and a seat covered with petit-point needlework. The Louis XIV. period chair is of French make, and is one of a set of ten gilt high-backed chairs, worked with a floral design in petit-point. The Stuart cabinet was made by

the nuns of Little Gidding for a member of the Furneaux family. The quilt worked by Queen Caroline is richly embroidered in silver with flowers in coloured silks. Most of the details as to the lincen-case worked by Queen Elizabeth and her governesses are given under our photograph, but it may be stated further that the "M.B." probably refer to Princess Elizabeth's governesses, Lady Margaret Bryan. Amongst the other extremely rare exhibits are the mitre, gloves, and stole of William of Wykeham. The mitre was illustrated in our last issue. These have been lent by New College, Oxford, and are thus seen outside the College precincts for the first time since the beginning of the fourteenth century. There are also half a cushion worked by Mary Queen of Scots, representing Asop's Fables in small medallions (illustrated in our last issue); and the veil worn by the Queen at her execution, which was bequeathed to Sir John Hippisley by Cardinal York. The border of this was worked by Jesuit nuns. Other royal relics include the gloves worn by Edward VI. at his Coronation; gloves worn by Charles II.; cushions from James the First's bed; a hawking set, from Wroxham Abbey, believed to have belonged to James I.; a fire-screen inscribed as the work of Queen Anne, and presented by her to the Rt. Hon. Richard Hill in 1713; and a chair and two stools from James the First's room. Attention may also be called to a State Bonnet of a Doge of Venice. This is of cinquecento type, and is believed to be the earliest surviving example of a Doge's State Bonnet. It is of gold tissue brocade with a broad band of gold round the rim, and it has a rose silk lining. It was acquired by Edward Chaney at the sale of the Contarini effects in 1834; in which connection it should be recalled that the Contarini family gave to the Republic no fewer than eight Doges and a number of more than usually distinguished citizens.

THE TOLL OF THE AIR: BRITISH AND FRENCH DISASTERS AT SEA.



THE SEAPLANE IN WHICH FLIGHT-LIEUT. KINKEAD WAS KILLED WHILE ATTEMPTING A NEW WORLD'S SPEED RECORD: THE SUPERMARINE NAPIER "S5" AFLOAT ON THE WATER.



"HIS COCKPIT WAS ALWAYS A PRISON AS HE SAT IN IT WITH JUST HIS HEAD ABOVE THE TOP OF THE NARROW FUSELAGE": FLIGHT-LIEUT. KINKEAD IN THE "S5."



A GREAT LOSS TO BRITISH AIRMANSHIP: THE LATE FL.-LT. S. M. KINKEAD, D.S.O., D.S.C., D.F.C.



FLIGHT-LIEUT. KINKEAD, IN THE SUPERMARINE NAPIER "S5," TAXI-ING ALONG SOUTHAMPTON WATER ON A PRELIMINARY TEST. A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN WITHIN A SHORT DISTANCE OF THE SPOT WHERE THE MACHINE DIVED TO DESTRUCTION IN THE SUBSEQUENT SPEED TRIAL.



THE PILOT OF THE FRENCH AEROPLANE LOST IN THE CHANNEL: THE LATE M. ANDRÉ SCHMUTZ.



RECOVERING THE BODIES OF THE PILOT AND MECHANIC OF THE FRENCH AIR UNION'S AEROPLANE LOST BETWEEN BOULOGNE AND FOLKESTONE: A LIFEBOAT FROM THE CHANNEL STEAMER "MAID OF ORLEANS" AMONG THE WRECKAGE.



THE MECHANIC OF THE FRENCH AEROPLANE LOST IN THE CHANNEL: THE LATE M. RAYMOND TÉRADE.

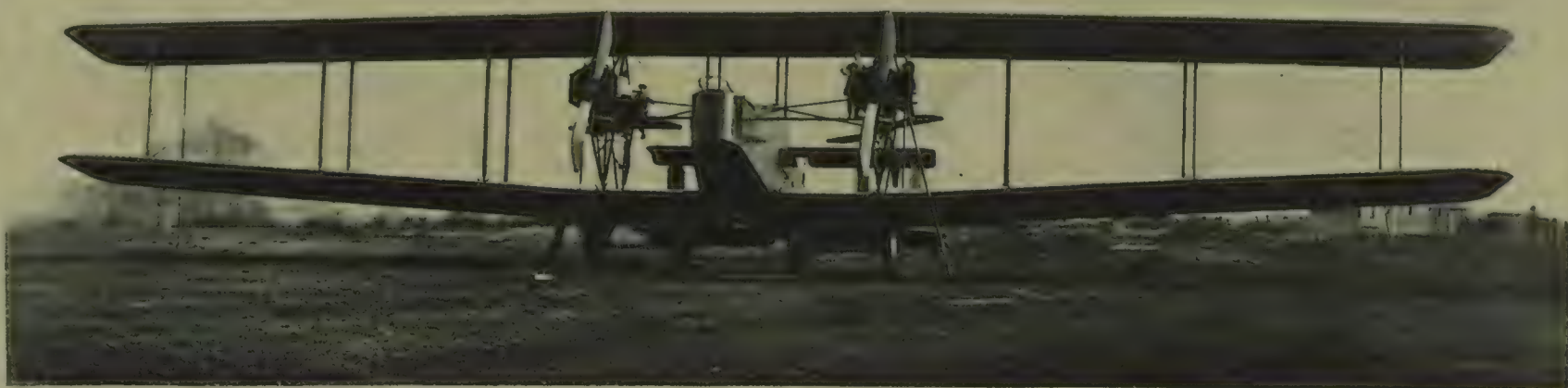
The British effort to beat the world's air speed record of 297 m.p.h. (established by the Italian pilot, Major de Bernardi, last November) ended in tragedy. The attempt was made on March 12, by Flight-Lieut. S. M. Kinkead, in the Supermarine Napier seaplane "S5," on the speed course over Southampton Water. He had just entered on the first timed run of three kilometres (nearly two miles) when the seaplane crashed into the water from a height of about 100 to 150 ft., near the Calshot Lightship. Coastal motor-boats raced to the spot, but nothing was found but a few pieces of broken wing. Flight-Lieut. Kinkead, who was thirty-one, was born and educated in South Africa, and during

the war served with great distinction in the R.N.A.S. on various fronts. Last summer he took part in the Schneider Trophy race at Venice.—On March 11 a Farman "Goliath" biplane of the French Air Union on the Paris-London service ran into a blizzard and was forced to descend into the sea. A wireless S.O.S. from the pilot received at Croydon and Boulogne was broadcast to ships in the vicinity. The wreckage was sighted by the Southern Railway's Cross-Channel steamer "Maid of Orleans," whose lifeboat recovered the bodies of the pilot and mechanic. The tanks had burst and the water around was covered with oil. M. Schmutz, the pilot, had served in the war and later in Indo-China.

THE GROWTH OF THE AEROPLANE: "GIANTS" OF THREE PERIODS.



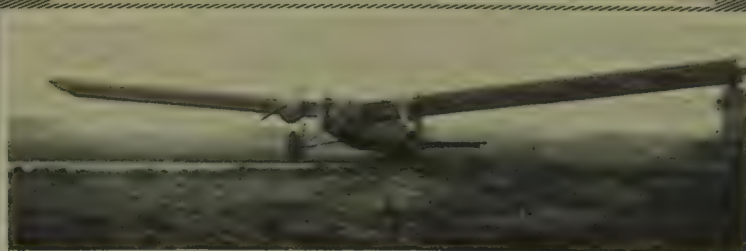
THE WRIGHT BROTHERS' BIPLANE OF 1908: MR. ORVILLE WRIGHT FLYING AN AEROPLANE OF THAT DATE, PRACTICALLY A REPLICA OF THE HISTORIC PIONEER MACHINE OF 1903 JUST PLACED IN THE SCIENCE MUSEUM AT SOUTH KENSINGTON. (DIMENSIONS—WING-SPAN, 40 FT. 6 IN.; OVER-ALL LENGTH, 20 FT. 9 IN.; WATER-COOLED ENGINE 8-12-H.P.)



THE HANDLEY-PAGE "V 1500" OF 1918: A MACHINE OF THE TYPE THAT MADE THE SECOND FLIGHT FROM ENGLAND TO INDIA AND FLEW OVER LONDON WITH 40 PASSENGERS. (DIMENSIONS—WING-SPAN, 126 FT.; LENGTH, 64 FT.; ENGINES EITHER FOUR 375-H.P. ROLLS-ROYCE ENGINES OR (IN ONE MACHINE) FOUR 450-H.P. NAPIER-LION.)



THE BEARDMORE "INFLEXIBLE": A BACK VIEW OF THE ENORMOUS FIFTEEN-TON MECHANICAL "DRAGON-FLY" SUCCESSFULLY TESTED A FEW DAYS AGO AT MARTLESHAM HEATH—SO LARGE THAT IT CAN ONLY ENTER THE HANGAR SIDEWAYS. (DIMENSIONS—WING-SPAN, 150 FT.; ENGINES, THREE ROLLS-ROYCE "CONDORS" EACH OF 450 H.P.)



A FRONT VIEW OF THE BEARDMORE "INFLEXIBLE," SHOWING THE HUGE 150-FT. WING-SPAN, WHICH WOULD EXTEND 25 FT. ON EACH SIDE OF A MAIN ARTERIAL ROAD.

The above photographs (all reproduced on the same scale to indicate the relative sizes of the machines) show in a very striking manner the astonishing development of aeroplane construction during the last twenty years. The brothers Orville and Wilbur Wright made their first flight on December 17, 1903, in North Carolina, and the London public can now see the original machine in the Science Museum at South Kensington, to which it has just been lent by Mr. Orville Wright, for five years. The Wright aeroplane shown in our top photograph is a later form of the 1903 machine, but differing from it only in minor respects. The pilot had a seat, instead of having to lie prone, and it also carried a passenger. —The Handley-Page "V 1500" was

[Continued opposite.]

constructed in 1917-18 for long-distance bombing raids, and about 60 machines were built. They had a "useful load," including petrol, of 14,000 lb.—The Beardmore "Inflexible" (photographs of which we reproduce by courtesy of Messrs. William Beardmore and Co., Ltd.) is the largest all-metal monoplane in the world. The landing-wheels, with their huge tyres, stand 7 ft. 6 in. high. The tail-fin and rudder rise more than twice the height of a man above the fuselage, which, with the tail wheel on the ground, is itself some 6 ft. above the earth. It was taken up for its first flight by Squadron-Leader J. Noakes at Martlesham Heath on March 5, and flew for fifteen minutes at 2000 ft. Seen end-on, it has a curious resemblance to a gigantic dragon-fly.

The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.

"THE WORLD-WAR AS SEEN THROUGH GERMAN EYES."

AT a moment when the ban, based on German protest, of a British war-film has aroused an even fiercer controversy than did "The King of Kings," an official German record of the World-War is quietly enjoying an Exclusive Presentation in



CHARLIE CHAPLIN AS THE CHIVALROUS TRAMP: A SCENE FROM HIS NEW FILM, "THE CIRCUS," AT THE NEW GALLERY CINEMA—THE CIRCUS-OWNER'S DAUGHTER, HAVING RUN AWAY FROM HER BRUTAL FATHER, APPEALS TO THE DISMISSED "CLOWN" FOR PROTECTION.

Charlie Chaplin's new film, "The Circus"—an Allied Artists Picture, which it was arranged to produce at the New Gallery Cinema on March 12—provides him with ample scope for his unique genius, both in humorous antics and in moments of pathos. He represents a comic tramp, who, pursued by the police on suspicion of pocket-picking, escapes into a circus and is eventually employed as a clown. There he falls in love with the equestrienne, daughter of the proprietor, thrashes her father when he finds him beating her, and is discharged. The girl runs away and appeals to him for protection, but he chivalrously hands her over to the man she loves, the tight-rope walker, and brings about their wedding.

London. The spirit of fair play that dictates the same freedom of the screen for German war-films which we demand for our own, will probably urge us to go and see for ourselves what this picture may be like. We have had our own war romances, our official records, our reconstructed histories of certain sections of the war as seen through British eyes; we have had similar subjects approached from the point of view of our Allies; and inevitably the question arises: "What did it all look like to the other fellow?"

The answer is: "Much the same as it looked to us!" These scenes and incidents of the World-War, taken officially by German cameras, terrible records of death and devastation, differ from our own but slightly, and, when all is said and done, chiefly in surface matters such as uniforms, helmets, or the tempo of the march. The brutal monotony of battle emerges from this German war-film as it does from our own—that, and the blind sacrifice of human life. For the most part a sober and extremely lucid statement of facts, beginning with a glimpse of the peace and prosperity of Europe before the fatal pistol-shot in Serajevo let loose the dogs of war, the film explains the development of events, with a number of excellent maps showing not only the position of troops, forts, and towns, but indicating, too, the vastness of German operations by the ingenious device of Lilliputian troop-trains hurrying to the various fronts, carrying reinforcements to a weakening line, or concentrating forces in a massed attack. On the Western Front the rapid advance towards Paris and the sudden set-back on the Marne gain in drama by reason of these maps and of certain interesting official communiqués, such as an admission of Belgium's just outcry against the violation of her neutrality, and a final statement to the effect that "the dream of winning the 1914 campaign in the West had to be laid in its grave."

Here and there, the unquenchable Teutonic imagination has interpolated a symbolic scene, such as a giant hand ruthlessly sweeping a group of pawns from a chess-board, or an ominous shadow of Death slowly invading the whole screen. Here and there, too, are obvious reconstructions of open-mouthed men falling beneath the hurtling débris of a bursting shell. But these are of little importance compared with the actual facts and faces

presented to us. Such men as von Kluck and von Bülow at the Front, Hindenburg and Ludendorff in Berlin, bring back to mind the big personalities of the war; while among the many familiar incidents of war one at least which I cannot remember to have seen before lends a high light to the tragic drama. This is the "use of a new weapon by the Belgians"—in other words, the opening of the great sluice-gates of the Yser. The power of water, we are told, is greater than that of fire, and undoubtedly, in the fight for the coast-line, the sea rushing in through the sluices at Newport proved a triumphant ally. It has been left to German spectacles to show us how effectually our old friend Neptune turned the promise of a German victory on the Dixmude embankment into a decisive defeat.

A FILM TEST.

The path to film stardom may be made easier to the foot by the scattered leaves of luck, but, generally speaking, it is a difficult one, and its most difficult moment comes at the beginning. It may not be generally known that a "film test" comprises the taking of the victim in various moods—in cold blood and, more or less, at the word of command—tears and smiles turned on at a moment's notice. Such demands may well quench the vital spark of a true artist. That it has done so in one or two cases we know from the confessions of some who have arrived, despite the discomfiture of their first unsuccessful tests. The experiences of a charming young actress, whose stage work has won much praise, seem to me sufficiently interesting and amusing to be recounted in her own words. This is the story she told me—

It was decided that I should be given a film test. So in the early morning I journeyed down to the studio in the heart of Metroland. There I was shown into a bare, cold



CHARLIE CHAPLIN IN "THE CIRCUS," RECENTLY PRODUCED AT THE NEW GALLERY CINEMA: THE COMIC GENIUS OF THE FILMS IN HIS LATEST RÔLE.

dressing-room and told to make up very carefully. After an hour of hard work a very white impressive face was revealed, with a crooked nose. I had always known about the twist in my nose—had even thought it might be attractive, but now I realised that I had laboured under a delusion. After having waited some time, and having feared that the sleepy little Cockney man with the enormous

round eyes and large boots—who was to officiate at my "test"—had forgotten me, I put my head round the door and announced that I was quite ready, but was greeted with: "You'd best make yourself comfortable, ol' girl. The engine that works the lights is broken down: we'll just have to wait till it's mended."

We waited; hours passed—so did lunch-time. I grew tired and hungry, and the twist in my nose grew more conspicuous and depressing. However, with my back to the mirror, and the warmth of a great-coat, I made myself comfortable, became resigned, and waited. . . .

With the close of day came a terrific noise of the starting of a motor engine, followed by great excitement outside my door, which was flung open by the little man, who, seizing my arm and rushing me upstairs to the studio, explained as we went that the motor and lights were working, and "Now we shouldn't be long." As we reached the studio there was a terrifying flickering and sizzling of dozens of lights—then complete darkness.

Again we waited. . . . Suddenly the studio blazed with light; I knew the moment for my "test" had come! Feeling slightly sick, I allowed myself to be led to the



CHARLIE THE TRAMP AND THE CIRCUS PROPRIETOR'S DAUGHTER: CHARLIE CHAPLIN AND MERNA KENNEDY IN "THE CIRCUS," AT THE NEW GALLERY CINEMA.

camera; while being "focussed" I "chatted carelessly of this and that," pretending that all this excitement, this sizzling and gurgling of lights and the deafening whirr of the engine, were no concern of mine; but when the little man took his position to the right of the camera and exclaimed triumphantly, "Now!" I knew I was in for it. "Now!" he repeated, in a hoarse whisper. "We'll have a sad one first. Now think—think hard of your mother—think if you should never see her again. Now!"

I gazed at him hard, and became conscious of a new noise in the studio—the clicking of a camera. I tried so desperately to think of mother; but my eyes and my thoughts were rivetted on two dull, cold eyes and a tremendously wide mouth saying: "Your mother's lost—she's gone!" Alas! I could think only of the Frog Footman in "Alice in Wonderland." I grew frantic—the camera clicked away mercilessly. I begged that I might be allowed to look into space for inspiration. The Frog leaped away, concealed himself behind the camera man, and continued his "Mother's lost and gone" dirge.

Again the camera was in action. I gazed into space and struggled hard to shut out the Frog's lament—which now rose above the sizzling lights and turbulent engine—and concentrate. I was about to give it up, when the little man leaped into view and announced: "I've got what we wanted, and now we'll be happy for a change." I did my best, but was very unhappily aware that during the last minute there had been hundreds of wasted camera clicks—each one seeming a lost opportunity.

When the Frog Footman had portrayed several different moods (I fear my mood—one of miserable determination—had remained the same since entering the studio), he croaked pleasantly, "It's all over, ol' girl. You can clean off." I fled to the dressing-room, a haven of peace and quiet, though still very cold. In less than half an hour I had "cleaned off," and boarded the evening train back to London Town.

Two days later, I was seated in a tiny darkened room, with my heart in my mouth—waiting. Suddenly behind me there was a whirr of machinery being put into action, and in front of me, on the screen, an enormous face distorted out of all recognition by meaningless emotion. I was horrified! I cried out in protest! But the Frog Footman croaked consolingly, "I've seen much worse than this, ol' girl." How I wish I could believe him!



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THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

FORTHCOMING OPERA SEASONS.

WE are to have this year a season of light opera in London as well as the usual grand opera season at Covent Garden. The experiment that was made first at Bristol and then at the Court Theatre in London last year, by Mr. Johnstone-Douglas, of producing Mozart's "Cosi fan tutte" in English with an English company, was sufficiently successful to encourage the promoters to arrange for a more ambitious scheme, which they announce to begin at the Court Theatre, Sloane Square, in May next. The programme is to include a revival of "Cosi fan tutte," with the original cast, including Mr. Stewart Wilson, Miss Louise Trenton, and others; and to follow this opera with the production of a triple bill of one-act operas consisting of Vaughan-Williams's "Shepherds of the Delectable Mountains," Manuel de Falla's "Puppet Show of Don Pedro," and a Schubert *singspiel*. In addition to these, Cimarosa's famous comic opera, "The Secret Marriage" ("Il Matrimonio Segreto") will be revived for the first time for probably fifty years.

This is an extremely attractive programme, and it ought to be successful in drawing a large public. The great difficulty about all these schemes is that, owing to the expense involved and the unlikelihood of enormous financial gains, they have to be planned for a short season only, and are over before the general public is aware that they are in existence. In London this difficulty of making such enterprises known is becoming more and more an obstacle to their inception. The expenses of advertising on a sufficiently large scale are colossal, and it is a well-known fact in theatrical circles that many a potentially successful play, many a possible money-maker on a large scale, has had to be taken off after two or three weeks because the initial financial drain of "nursing" the production long enough to bring the public in large numbers was too great. And many a successful play has been a failure for its first two or three weeks, but has been converted into a big success by the turn of the tide occurring in the nick of time. Other plays have lingered in the balance, but have had to be dropped before it was certain whether they had the makings of a real success or not.

It is necessary for the public to rally to a new theatrical venture with a speed which the public never shows in regard to other things, so that good and

original work in the theatre is severely handicapped by its costliness. I hope, however, that Mr. Johnstone-Douglas will receive sufficient initial publicity for his



AN INTERESTING "SNAPSHOT" IN HYDE PARK: MR. WILLIAM HARRISON (ON THE LEFT), PAST PRESIDENT OF THE AGRICULTURAL ENGINEERS' ASSOCIATION, WITH SIR WALTER GILBEY, BT., J.P.

Mr. William Harrison is Chairman of the Directors of Messrs. Harrison, Macgregor and Co., Ltd., makers of harvesting machinery. He is also a Director of Messrs. James Buchanan and Co., Ltd., and several other companies, and is a member of the Tariff Commission and of the Council of the Royal Agricultural Society of England. Sir Walter Gilbey is the second Baronet and eldest son of the first Baronet. He is well known as a racehorse-owner.

scheme to enable it to have a successful financial result. As for the artistic side, I am convinced from his production of "Cosi fan tutte" last year that every opera on his programme will be worth seeing and hearing. The production of a Schubert *singspiel* will be an especially interesting event, as these works of Schubert are quite unknown in this country, as I pointed out in these pages some time ago.

The Grand Opera season at Covent Garden will be on much the same lines as previous years, although the old syndicate started by Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Courtauld is no longer responsible for the undertaking. Their successors, however, have followed along the same lines, and have engaged the same conductors—Bruno Walter, Robert Heger, and Vincenzo Bellezza. The principal singers are mostly the same as those of the last two or three years, but there are to be one or two additions to the repertory. Far the most important of these is the promised revival of Moussorgsky's "Boris Godounov," with Chaliapin as Boris. It is a number of years since this—the most famous of all Russian operas—was performed at Covent Garden, and its revival will be a great attraction, more especially as it is one of the few operas which offers Chaliapin a part worthy of his powers.

The syndicate also announces its intention of reviving Charpentier's popular opera "Louise," which I dare prophesy will not ever again be the favourite it once was. It owed a good deal to its sentimental libretto with a Paris Bohemian setting, but the music was always palpably a "joke" to the ear of the critical musician, owing its essential character to the Wagnerian influence to which Charpentier, like most of his contemporaries in Europe, was more or less slavishly subservient. It is interesting to note how quickly fashions come and go. The Wagnerian fashion lasted longer than most of the musical fashions since his time are likely to do. This is largely due to the fact that Wagner was the last of the great composers that have lived before the advent of our modern quick-speed age. The rate of change in all things has been vastly accelerated during the last fifty years. This is the age of speed, and everything takes not merely half the time, but a mere fraction of the time, it took fifty years ago.

The motor-car, the aeroplane, the general improvement in all the means of communication, both physical and intellectual, have completely altered the phase lengths of all æsthetic movements. When the Citroën motor expedition passed through Africa from the Mediterranean to Zanzibar, across the Sahara and the

[Continued overleaf.]

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**Malcolm
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Oh, well kicked, sir . . . Now . . . go on man! . . . he's
over . . . He's not . . . a-a-ah!! . . . Going on Saturday?"

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SD13/1305H

Continued.

Congo, they had to take Bedouin guides to direct them across a certain part of the desert north of Lake Chad, but they found that these guides were completely disconcerted and put out of their reckonings by the unaccustomed speed at which the expedition travelled in its motor-cars. They were accustomed to reckoning in time measured by the average time it took men mounted on camels or going on foot to get from place to place, and when this rate was greatly accelerated they completely lost their bearings.

It is in some comparable fashion that the world to-day has lost its artistic bearings. New movements and fashions in literature, music, and painting have followed on each other's heels at such a rapid pace that the public has not been able to keep up with them. So, not having the time to assimilate and slowly discover whether there was anything in any particular new movement or not, we have taken to swallowing almost indiscriminately all new modes as soon as we hear of them, lest we should miss something valuable and never have an opportunity to go back again and make up for our loss.

Nowadays you must catch your æsthetic bird on the wing, for if you don't appreciate Schönberg or Stravinsky or Prokofieff at exactly the right moment, if by any ill chance you are half an hour too late, the time and occasion will have gone for ever; you will be found as backward as any backwoods man or woman from the Queensland bush or the Canadian lumber belts. And nothing is worse than to be half an hour behind the fashion. It is far, far better, if you can't be absolutely in the vanguard, to be fifty years behind, for then you may be lucky enough to be considered as an eccentric or a "personality" with ideas of your own. Nobody, however, can be expected to think that you have ideas of your own if you are found holding the opinions which were only discarded yesterday.

All this, of course, emphasises the folly of people ever departing from their own genuine likes and dislikes. Unfortunately, we do need a certain lead in these matters, and most of us would never discover many of what turn out to be our genuine pleasures if we had been left entirely to ourselves to discover and acquire the taste for them. I hope, therefore, that the formation of the public taste in both "grand" and "light" opera will not be always left entirely to the chance of syndicates operating at Covent Garden. More than ever before do we need at this moment a National Theatre and Opera House in London. Luckily, there is more chance of our getting it to-day than there has ever been in the past. I think that, if more people knew that sooner or later our National Theatre is certain to be built, they would help forward that not very far distant date. The National Shakespeare Memorial Theatre committee has £100,000 invested, and it cannot dispose of either capital or interest except for the building and maintaining of a National Theatre. This means that by the process of accumulation at compound interest the National Theatre must materialise within fifty years. Well, why not have it now instead of in our children's time?

There is all the more reason for urgency, in that the ideal site for such a theatre is in the market at the present moment, and that is the Foundling Hospital Estate. It is to be hoped that Lady Beecham, who has had promises of £100,000 to acquire Dorchester House for a National Theatre, will direct this money towards the acquisition of the Foundling Hospital site now that Dorchester House has been sold to a syndicate which intends to build a large hotel there. Dorchester House was never suited to conversion to a National Theatre owing to traffic difficulties, and, apart from the Alfred Stevens sculpture (which can be removed from it), it is of no especial architectural merit.

When we get our National Theatre we shall hope to see there not only all the best of our English drama from Shakespeare onwards produced there by first-rate artists, such as Mr. Granville Barker, but also all those delightful English operas, such as "Dido and Æneas" or "The Fairy Queen," as well as many charming and attractive foreign light operas which deserve resuscitation. In the meantime, we must be thankful for the work of Mr. Johnstone-Douglas and his colleagues, who are affording a preparation in training English singers and actors in the production of such works as "Cosi fan tutte" and the other operas in his repertory.

W. J. TURNER.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

A MURDER TRIAL PLAY AT THE QUEEN'S.

SINCE we must have crime stories on the stage, by all means let us have them told, as it were, by retrospect; and if we are to have a trial scene, why should not the trial extend over the whole of the three acts?—at least, we ought to get unity of effect. That is what Bayard Veiller tries for in "The Trial of Mary Dugan," at which all "thrill-seekers" are invited to function as jurors in notices served on them as they enter the theatre, and in which they are promised an exact replica of American criminal law-court procedure. About the claim to exactness of detail, who cares? Is it possible in America for the young barrister-brother of a woman charged with murder to rush into court, cashier her unsatisfactory counsel at a moment's notice, and defend and kiss her alternately? At all events, the scene is highly effective from the emotional point of view. Would a counsel, seeking to establish his point that the murderer was left-handed, whereas the accused heroine is right-handed, prove it in spectacular fashion by throwing the knife with which the murder was committed across the court, and calling on a brother-counsel to catch it with his left hand? The thing is "not done" surely; but what a thrill it makes, with the audience sitting as jury! Then, again, the story which the unwitting brother drags out of his sister—how she had educated him on the proceeds of her own dishonour—it may be far-fetched, but how tear-compelling in this atmosphere! As for the acting, provided by a cast which is mainly American for "The Trial of Mary Dugan," it is brilliantly thorough, the outstanding performances being those of Miss Genevieve Tobin and Mr. Morgan Farley as sister and brother. Miss Tobin, as sincere as she is charming an artist, is a real acquisition to our stage.

"YOUNG WOODLEY." AT THE SAVOY.

"Young Woodley," the censored play of Mr. John van Druten, in respect of which the Censorship so candidly repented, has enjoyed so much publicity already that it is only necessary to say that this charming and sincere study of a schoolboy's love-affair can now be seen by any playgoer at the Savoy, and will be found well worth sampling. There are one or two changes in the cast, but the chief burden of acting still falls on Mr. Frank Lawton, whose performance is exquisitely natural and moving.

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keeps the nervous system right"*

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*Most sincerely
Estelle Brody*

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

THE OPENING OF THE ROAD.

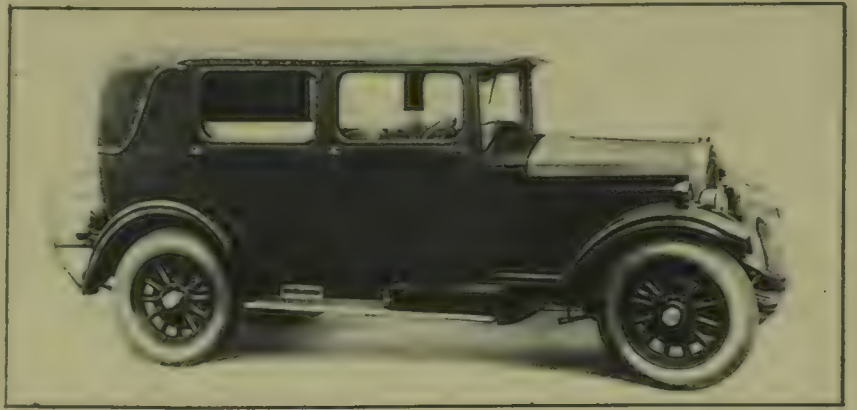
WHATEVER the weather may be from now onwards, the one outstanding and important fact about this month is that spring has officially begun. It may be the kind of spring to which we have been trying to become inured for the past few years—dark, wet, windy, and bitterly cold—or it may go on as it began so pleasantly, in advance of its time, on the 18th of February, and give us some of those golden days that have been so ruthlessly stolen from us since the wonderful year of '21.

It is a very important week this, because, although one day may be very like another to those of us who lead busy lives, we who are able to make those lives worth living by means of our cars watch each morning light with a special interest. Spring is upon us, if not actually with us: that means that the real play-time of the year has begun again. The road is always called the open road, but to my mind, at any rate in this country, it is only ajar in winter. In spring the gates are thrown wide open, and when April comes you may say that they are torn off their hinges and flung into the lumber-room till next November.

Have you noticed how different your car looks the moment the days stop being gloomy and dark and the sun begins to work his way through those dismal grey curtains behind which he snores all winter? Especially do you notice things about her if she was bought at Show time or since then. It is

not that the colours look brighter, or that she looks larger, or that there is any definite new quality to which you can point. It is merely that she appears a thousand times more desirable, and the one thing that becomes instantly obvious is that not a moment must be wasted in getting her on to the road and keeping her there for as long as possible. When the sky is clear in March and red light falls on her, what really happens is that she suddenly becomes alive.

Every year we all make resolutions about the wonderful things we are going to do when spring opens the road, and every year we do some of them, forget to do others, and discover entirely new ones which need doing at once. This year I have an idea there is going to be a boom in picnic-baskets, if I can judge by the experiences I have had since the new light came on the roads within a hundred miles of London. If, as they say, there are, before long, going to be not enough roads for the cars we are all



A WILLYS-KNIGHT CHASSIS (MODEL 70A) FITTED WITH A FABRIC SALOON: A CAR THAT NOW SELLS AT £455, UNDER A PRICE-REDUCTION SCHEME.

The prices of all the Knight sleeve-valve engine cars of Willys Overland Crossley, Ltd., have just been reduced to a level where they are cheaper than most poppet-valve engine cars of similar horse-power. The six-cylinder Sports Roadster is now £315, and a five-passenger saloon can be had for £350.

buying, it is true now that there are nothing like enough roadside inns for the lunches and dinners we want to eat when we go out to see the arrival of spring. I suppose in time there will be nothing like enough woods or river banks or hills or even vacant spots by the roadside for our picnics, but that time is not yet, and there still remain thousands of delightful places for those of us who have the spirit of exploration and the patience to find them.

There are certain undeniable qualities about the modern saloon or all-weather car, and one of them is that they make such excellent picnic cars. Now that we can lunch four or even five comfortably out of the rain and wind and yet in the open air, most of us are going to know more about that open road than ever we knew before. I do

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Yet the Senior is moderate in price, and to those who value refinement above the gaudy and spectacular, Senior design and appointments represent a welcome adherence to good taste.

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WHAT THE MODERN BRITISH LIGHT CAR HAS TO TACKLE IN AUSTRALIA: AN 11-H.P. CLYNO "OVERSEAS" MODEL TRAVERSING ONE OF THE DIFFICULT ROADS OF QUEENSLAND.

This photograph gives a good idea of the country which the light car has sometimes to tackle overseas. A note adds: "This is a road, but not much used."

not think for a moment that the British innkeeper is going to lose, because there will always be far more customers than he can possibly deal with. Those who will have had to await their turn in the queue outside a country hotel dining-room until those more fortunate within have eaten everything will have learnt their lesson, and the first birthday present they will give their new cars is a properly designed picnic-basket.

Springtime is the beginning of real motoring time and real open-air time. Even if it is snowing when this number of *The Illustrated London News* is printed, there is not one of us, looking over our very beautiful new car, and checking the contents of that most excellent lunch-basket, who will not, morning and evening, make up for himself a misquotation—"If winter still remains—" JOHN PRIOLEAU.

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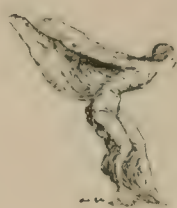
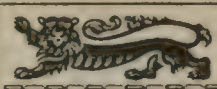
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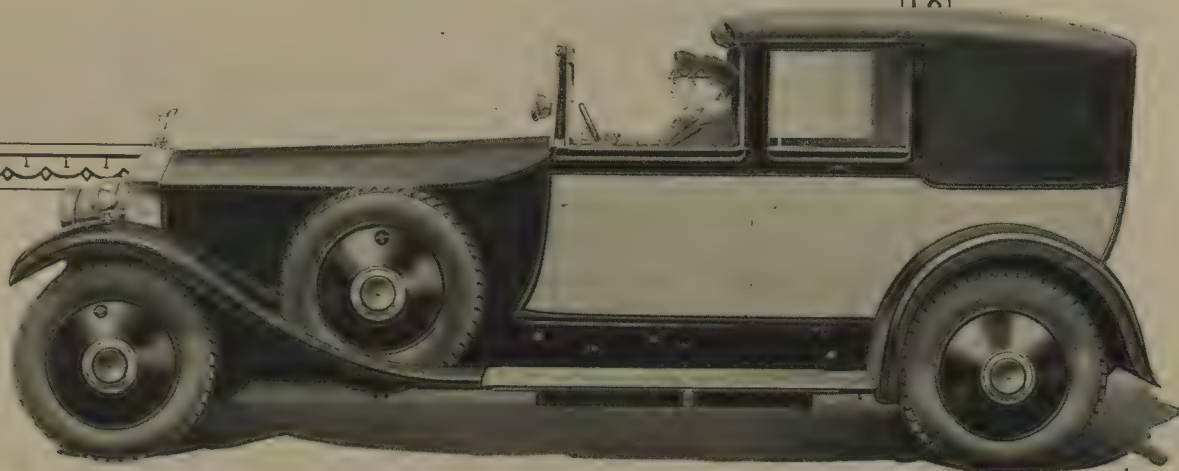
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THE JOYS OF COMFORT MOTORING. By "THE ROADSTER"

The Call of Spring.

When Spring unlocks the flowers to paint the laughing soil, it is time to get the car out of garage and travel the bye-lanes of our countryside, even if the road leads us to "rocks and hills whose heads touch heaven." The joys of comfort motoring are now best attained by travelling off the main roads, where the press of traffic is producing a procession-like stream of racing tourists in place of leisured saunterers along the highways. So those who really wish to travel for pleasure's sake use our new open roads as little as possible to get to their desired destination. This year, the bright sunshine in the early days of March hastened the arrival of new cars and new drivers. Older habitués welcomed these with mixed pleasure, glad to see an increase of the brotherhood and to note the latest types of automobiles, yet sighing, perhaps, that every newcomer added still more to the previous congestion. Fortunately, the

passengers by the cushions placed at the angle which best fits the contours of the human frame, and doors which permit easy ingress and egress. The small car, too, is surprisingly lively in its performance, as, though the Swift engine is of small dimensions, there is no need for constant gear-changing, the engine being quite capable of accelerating the car without any undue effort or apparent strain. Indeed, a maximum speed of fifty-four miles an hour could be obtained, though the pleasure-loving motorist will be wise not to push it at that rate, or else much is lost of the scenery and the joys of spring motoring. Without endeavouring to make a pun, one cannot help mentioning that much of the comfort in these cars is due to the springing, assisted by front and rear shock-absorbers. The driver, too, is admirably served, as the steering is good and possesses the self-centring action which helps so much to remove fatigue when piloting the saloon down curling lanes and twisting by-roads.

not to be despised. Quite a number of experienced travellers in motor-cars carry their own Dunhill foot-warmer, which they fill up with hot water at the luncheon and tea stops, and, wrapped round



AT THE GATES OF CASTLE BRÖMWICH HALL: A WOLSELEY 21-60 H.P. "STRAIGHT EIGHT" SALOON.

Castle Bromwich Hall, the residence of the Dowager Countess of Bradford, is a fine old house not far from the Birmingham Section of the British Industries Fair, held at Castle Bromwich.

improvement in the mechanism, in the comfort of the coachwork, and in the art of enjoyable motoring permits everyone to travel further with less discomfort than of old, and so, by a process of elimination, to lose unpleasant neighbours. In days gone by, a hundred miles before luncheon would have terrified the older motorist, or else made him rise uncommonly early, so that he could attain his desired average of twenty miles an hour. The modern car driver, however, thinks nothing of an average of thirty miles an hour, and does it without too much boasting afterwards, owing to the improved accelerating powers of the motor, the better distribution of the weight, and the improved suspension and general lower centre of gravity of the complete carriage. Consequently, when spring arrives with its bright days, green banks, and enticing enchantment, both those who love to potter about in their cars in the by-ways of their county and those who crave long-distance journeying to parts hitherto unknown, can each satisfy their desires by the aid of the modern magic carpet styled the automobile.

Small Fabric Saloons.

Time was when one had to be fairly well-to-do to enjoy road travel, but fortunately to-day for a small expenditure one can get a maximum of comfort. The gradual evolution of the fabric saloon has largely helped to produce an excellent family car with the distinction of a State carriage. Thus, for instance, the 10-h.p. Swift fitted with a fabric saloon gives its occupants ample elbow-room, as well as sufficient space for their legs and heads, even if their stature is six feet and over. Ample room is the first necessity for car comfort, as who can enjoy a run cramped and in uncomfortable attitudes? To-day, however, the small fabric saloon has adjustable front seats, ample support for the rear

The Need for Useful Gadgets.

Driving-seats, by the way, often require one of the new Dunhill driving-cushions to fit in the small of the back and relieve strain whilst at the wheel. Made of leather cloth in a variety of colours, to match the upholstery, they make all the difference between pleasure and business motoring. A well-known motorist, who is renowned for the comfort given to the passengers in his car, always carries a pair of Glastonbury foot boots or muffs, which he insists upon his passengers wearing, if they are going to stay in the car for an hour or more without leaving their seats. Even in closed cars, the extremities of the passenger suffer from cold, because of their inactivity while reclining comfortably without any physical action to circulate the blood. So he says, and rightly so, "Wear these boots, and we can

have the windows down; you can see the scenery, breathe the good fresh air, yet keep warm and really indulge in the true joys of the king's highway." Fur-trimmed felt foot-muffs are equally cosy, as,

Driving-seats, by the way,



IN THE PICTURESQUE COTSWOLD VILLAGE OF LOWER SLAUGHTER: A LANCHESTER 21-H.P. SIX-CYLINDER ENCLOSED-DRIVE LIMOUSINE.

although the sun may shine brightly in the spring-like days, there is often a northern nip in the wind which calls for an extra wrap, so that foot-muffs are



A WELL-KNOWN ACTRESS AS MOTORIST: MISS URSULA JEANS WITH A SINGER SENIOR SALOON CAR AND A PICTURESQUE ARCHITECTURAL BACKGROUND.

with a fluffy rug, so keep their nether extremities protected from the winds that blow. Talking of Dunhills, by-the-bye, Morris owners will find that the Cadison gear lever extension sold by this firm adds a large amount of comfort for the small expenditure of five shillings, and makes gear-changing easy and safe, as well as preventing the knocking of knuckles on the brake lever, which is apt to happen with the standard equipment.

Flexibility on Top Gear.

One of the new fabric saloons which requires as little gear-changing as is mechanically possible for a car of 12-h.p. is the Singer Senior fabric saloon or the open touring car. In traffic the car runs smoothly and the engine fires regularly at ten miles an hour on top gear, as well as accelerating quite satisfactorily from that speed up to fifty miles an hour if it is wanted. Not that the traveller requires to cover many miles at that rate, although the car will permit this being done with perfect confidence. Some cars are so noisy on their indirect ratios that the driver feels that the row they make spoils the enjoyment of the passengers, so hesitates to leave the top gear ratio until absolutely driven by necessity. Now, while the Senior Singer is an excellent top-gear drive carriage, it has also particularly quiet low-gear ratio. The driver is, therefore, encouraged to use the gear-box, and consequently gets a better performance out of this small engine than many folk do out of a larger-rated horse-power.

Flexibility on top gear is all very well, but there is such a thing as cruelty to the mechanical horse, and hanging on too long to the high ratio is apt

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(Continued.)
to put up repair bills, and break the heart of an otherwise sound mechanical steed. The Senior Singer, by the way, has this year a much wider



MODERN TRAVEL IN A MEDIAEVAL SETTING: A 1928 SUNBEAM 35-H.P. EIGHT-CYLINDER SALOON CAR IN THE HISTORIC MILL STREET BEHIND WARWICK CASTLE—SHOWING CÆSAR'S TOWER.

track than the model which was first introduced twelve months previously, which adds greatly to its comfort and seating capacity; while the Marles steering gear and the Dewandre servo braking system combine to make the car easy to control by the man or the woman driver. In fact, the light pedal action and steering have made Singer cars particularly popular with the feminine sex already. The general

improvement in control of the majority of the new models presented by the motor manufacturers for the favour of the public this season is one of the best features in present design. While the engines are capable of higher acceleration and seem to like working at a high rate of revolution per minute, which produces high road speeds, unless the control had been improved to equal the propelling power developed, the joys of motoring would have been greatly lessened, in place of being increased, by the latest productions.

Attractive
Six-Cylinder
Silence.

Another noticeable feature of modern motor development to add to the comfort of road travel is the more general production of the six-cylinder engine of small and medium ratings. This is a sort of antidote to the tendency of over-"revving" the four-cylinder engine. A six-cylinder motor, if well designed and properly balanced, gives a smoother performance on the road, and, distributing the same ratable power between six cylinders instead of four, does not require such a high rate of turning to get an equal, and frequently a better, performance. Also, the attraction of the silence of the six-cylinder motor is a great joy to the technical motorist. He loves to hear the engine purr along, as the carriage is propelled at a fairly high rate of speed in absolute silence as far as engine noise is concerned. One of the latest types of this development is the 20-55-h.p. six-cylinder Humber, which in point of comfort, fine finish, studied convenience in its equipment, and solidity of material and workmanship, stands prominently forward as a British product. At the moment more saloons are being purchased than open touring cars, according to the statistics furnished quarterly by the Ministry of Transport, and, when it comes to six-cylinders of 21-h.p. tax rating, the Humber six-cylinder saloon comes out very high in the list of popular purchases.

Those who have tested the car will agree with the writer that it is exceedingly comfortable, quiet in its running, as well as smart in its appearance. Humbers have always been famous for their excellent coachwork, and this model well maintains the reputation of the house. Although it is quiet, this Humber is no sluggard, as on its third speed it can run at over forty-two miles an hour, and practically a mile a minute on top gear. Maximum speeds, by the way, are only given here to let the technical driver know what a large power of reserve there is in the six-cylinder motor, which further adds to its attractiveness in regard to its silence.

Present-Day
Technical
Details.

All cars are reliable to-day, inasmuch as they can be sure to carry their occupants to and from their destination, but some have greater refinements in their design and construction than others. These may be somewhat technical, but, as they contribute largely in helping

(Continued overleaf.)



AT AN ENTRANCE TO KEW GARDENS: SALMON AND SON'S PATENT "TICKFORD" SUNSHINE SALOON ON A 16-H.P. SUNBEAM CHASSIS.

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There are many features of this Super Six which will surprise you however experienced a motorist you may be. Details on request or a demonstration will be arranged to suit your convenience. A trial run will be the most interesting motoring experience of your life.

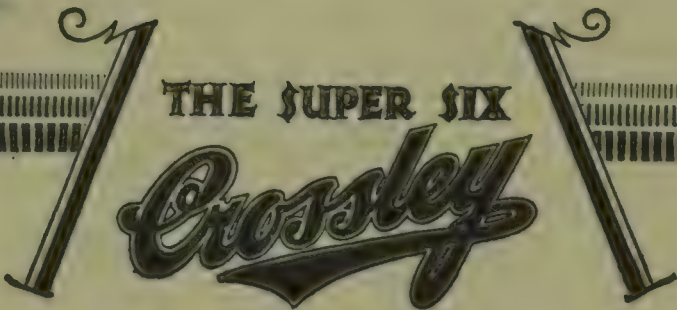


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Continued.

to make motoring a joy instead of a toil, they deserve mention in this chronicle. For instance, aluminium pistons are used, and a detachable head carries overhead valves, operated by push-rods and rockers, in the 20.9-h.p. Crossley six-cylinder model. These are fitted because the aluminium pistons are light, and so reciprocate more quickly to the impulses of the explosion mixture; and overhead valves are credited with permitting a better inlet and outlet for the gases than some other forms of design. In this particular engine, too, an additional refinement in the form of vibration damper has been fitted to the crank-shaft. The result of such improvements is reflected in the performance of the car, which is now capable of a maximum speed of over sixty-five miles an hour when fitted with a closed body. Another refinement of the improved Crossley six-cylinder is the ease with which the chassis can be maintained in

without draining off the oil. While a large number of cars have discarded the magneto in favour of the coil-and-battery ignition, the improved Crossley six-cylinder retains its magneto ignition, which gains the approval of the old-time motorist. A single-plate clutch and a four-speed gear-box form a unit with the engine, which is suspended in the frame at three points only, so as not to be susceptible to any twisting or springing of the frame members, which always happens, however stoutly they may be stayed, by reason of the action and strain of the road. In the old days, the automobile engineer used to anchor the gear-box on the

main chassis frame, with the consequence that the driver was continually having trouble in gear-changing on account of the slight twisting of the chassis frame. To-day, the latest designs, like this Crossley, avoid the mechanical trap for trouble by providing three-point suspension. Designers are also embodying this idea in the placing of the coachwork on the chassis itself, so as to prevent any torsioning of the steel members straining or affecting the coachwork, and thus producing squeaks and rattles.

yet it develops a brake-horse-power of seventy-five. These cylinders are cast *en bloc*, and are attached to a separate aluminium crank-case. Overhead valves, operated by push-rods from a cam-shaft contained



A MOBILE HOME FOR A SPRING OR SUMMER HOLIDAY: THE INTERIOR OF A LARGE "ECCLES" DE LUXE LIVING-CARAVAN.

good running order. The oil-filler is large, and the gauge showing the level is placed near it. The filter is very accessible, and can be removed for cleaning

within the crank-case, are entirely enclosed by an aluminium cover mounted on top of the detachable cylinder-head. The interesting feature concerning the distribution drive is that the design embraces a spring-loaded jockey sprocket to maintain automatically the tension of the chain at a constant value. Further, the drive to the auxiliaries is arranged on somewhat unusual lines, as the distributor is placed at the rear of the engine. The whole of the power unit is lubricated from a gear type pump submerged in the sump, all the passages for the distribution of the lubricant being either cast in or drilled in the crank-case casing. Both the inlet and exhaust ports are on the near side of the engine, the exhaust manifold being carried below the inlet-pipe, with a vertical passage from the carburetter actually passing through the exhaust

[Continued overleaf.]

A COUNTRY COTTAGE ON WHEELS: "PRAIRIE FLOWER," AN "ECCLES" INTERIOR-SALOON-DRIVE CARAVAN ON A REE-PULMAN CHASSIS—A TYPICAL EXAMPLE BUILT TO ORDER.

These saloon caravans are always built to special order by Eccles Motor Caravans, Ltd., as requirements vary considerably. The outsides are given a pleasing appearance on saloon-car lines, and the front is usually constructed with winding frameless windows. The interiors are fitted with every comfort and convenience.

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Other models from £250 to £995

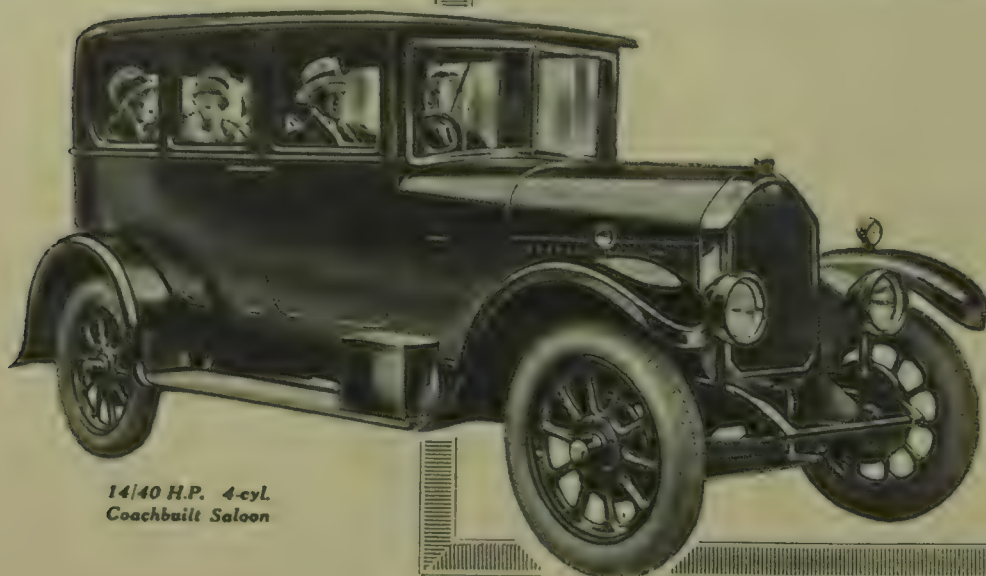
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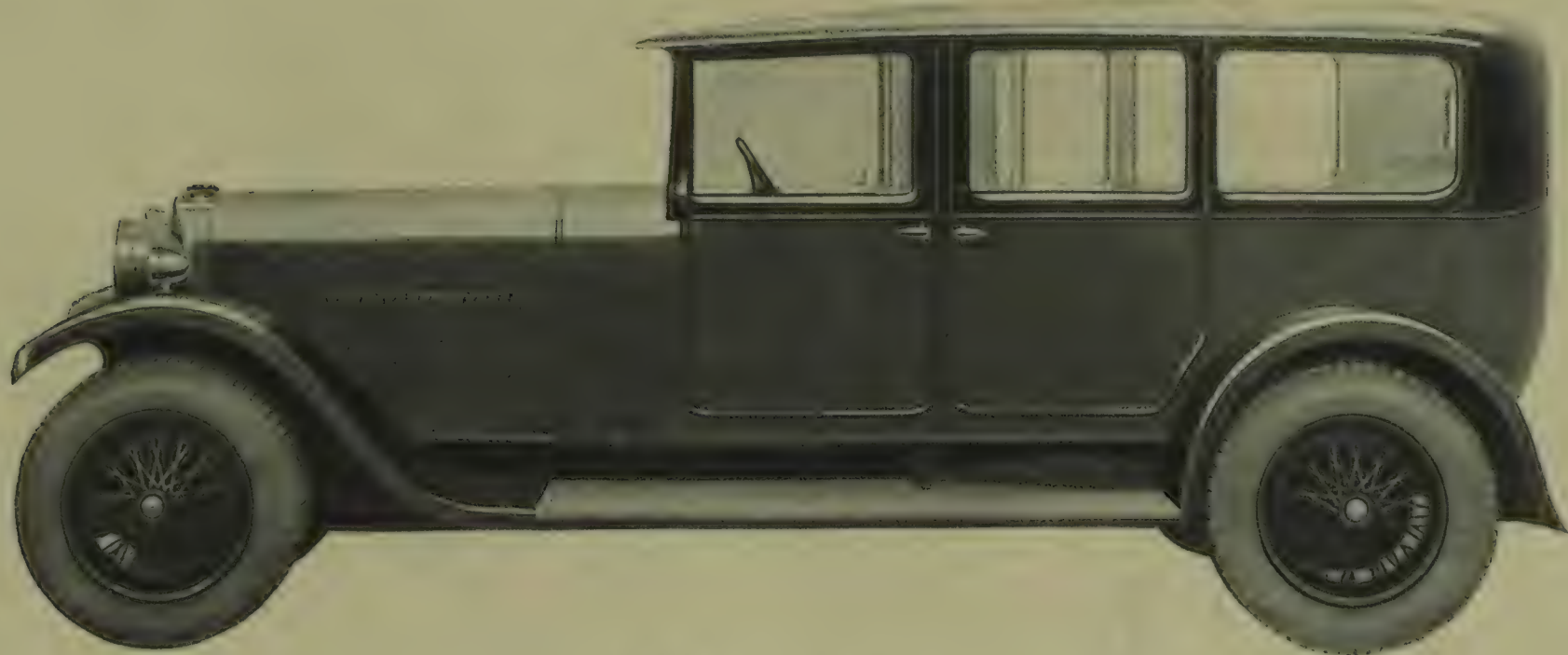
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Those who examine a 25 h.p. six-cylinder Sunbeam for the first time invariably express surprise that such a spacious car, with such exquisite workmanship and appointments, can be offered at so moderate a price.

The road performance invites equal admiration. The six-cylinder engine provides an abundance of power, but always produced so smoothly that a run in a 25 h.p. Sunbeam is a revelation even to the most widely experienced motorist. A trial run on one of these cars can be arranged at any time by appointment. Sunbeam quality is best appreciated under actual road conditions.

A MOTORING HINT

NEVER "RACE" AN ENGINE WHEN IT IS COLD.

When first starting up a car, and particularly on cold mornings, the engine should be run slowly for the first few minutes. This will warm it up, ensure proper oil circulation and prevent any likelihood of damage to the bearings or lubricating system. High speed should be attempted only when the engine is thoroughly warm.

Touring Car	Weymann Saloon	Limousine	Landaulette
£950	£1150	£1250	£1275

Other models: 16 h.p. to 35 h.p. Five-seater cars from £550.
Dunlop tyres standard.

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London Showrooms and Export Dept. 12 Princes Street, Hanover Square, W.1
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SUNBEAM

Continued.] manifold. This provides an effective hot-spot, which makes for immediate starting of the engine as soon as the switch is pressed home on the coldest morning.



MOTORING IN THE TYROL: A 10-H.P. SWIFT FOUR-SEATER, OWNED BY HERR RICHTER, OF HAMBURG, ON AN ALPINE ROAD CONNECTING THE TYROL WITH THE ENGADINE.

It also eliminates any preliminary warming up, which is usually necessary before the motor begins to pull properly. The Alvis 12-h.p. four-cylinder car has for some time been considered the top of its class in this particular rating, and the new six-cylinder is certainly a high-class up-to-date machine. The popular type of coachwork fitted is the new Alvista

saloon, which is notable for its roominess, as well as for its freedom from drumming or other unpleasant noises. The upholstery and general interior furnishing are particularly good, with parcel-nets, roof-ventilators, interior driving-mirror, and automatic wind-screen wiper; and the lines of the exterior are distinctly pleasing.

New Types of Fuel.

Improvement in the mechanical details of the present internal-combustion engine, as fitted to our motor-carriages, has enabled the designers to raise the compression ratio of the gas mixture, thereby producing greater power out of a given quantity of fuel. But high compressions are apt to produce pinking at slow revolutions of the motor, so the chemist has been hard at work, and to-day Europe and America are being provided with a new anti-pinking motor-spirit, which has been fortified by a small percentage of a chemical compound known as "lead-tetra-ethyl." That is far too long a word to be used commercially, so it has been abbreviated to "ethyl-petrol," and is distributed in Great Britain by the Anglo-American Oil Company, the purveyors of Pratt's Perfection Spirit, the registered title of their ordinary petrol. No doubt we shall see it more generally used, especially after the recent victories and creation of high-speed records by Captain Malcolm Campbell and others, who used it at Daytona, as well as at Brooklands and other racing centres. New fuels are likely to be many this season, as the low-carbonation-of-coal processes are coming into favour, in order to get better and more economical results from the crude material, while at the same time producing oils from which benzole and other motor-fuels may be extracted. So what with ethyl, benzole mixtures, and fortified alcoholic motor spirit, motorists are given

many varieties to produce smoother running and greater power from their machines.

Coil Displaces Magneto Ignition.

British motorists are gradually being converted to the reliability of coil ignition, as they are finding so many of the new models substituting the magneto by coil and battery ignition, especially for the multi-cylinder engines. So little trouble has been experienced from coil ignition during the past few years that motorists generally are ready to accept it without query. A notable example of its use is the new Austin 16-h.p. light six-cylinder car, which is the latest production from this famous factory. This power unit has battery and coil ignition, and, notwithstanding the high popularity of the other Austin models of six-cylinder and four-cylinder types, the new Austin "light six" is in great demand on account of its excellent performance, moderate price, and particularly for its flexible motor. Naturally, the Austin "Seven," the Austin

[Continued overleaf:]



A HUMBER 14-40-H.P.: THE CAR HALTED BESIDE THE QUAINAT GATE-HOUSE AT ELVASTON, THE EARL OF HARRINGTON'S ESTATE NEAR DERBY.

This 14-40-h.p. five-seater Humber touring car sells at £440.

Backed by the best known critics of the day

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SINGER

SALOON

Read what they say—

"Illustrated London News."

"There are three features which seem to me outstanding... the price, the excellence of the four-wheel brakes; and the smooth running of the engine... the body is altogether one of the best pieces of moderate-priced coachwork I have seen for a long time."

"Daily Chronicle."

"In addition to its intrinsic merits as a car, it ranks as one of the most daintily finished interiors... wonderfully equipped and finished for £250."

"The Autocar."

"The Singer Senior Saloon has a very striking appearance, the body is very imposing in appearance and has nicely rounded lines."

"Sunday Pictorial."

"You can pay more than twice as much for saloons that are crude in some respects compared with this."

"The Motor."

"It is almost impossible to point to any features that could be materially improved... main road hills can be climbed very largely on top gear... the suspension is exceptionally good... no sign of drumming or vibration at any speed... capable of a splendid all-round performance."

"The Auto."

"Just about the last word in value propositions. It is perfectly wonderful. I do not know, or have not tried, any car of comparable price and performance, which is either so well equipped or so nicely finished."

"The Sphere."

"The public will not be slow to appreciate that Britain can offer just as good value if not better than other nations."

"Sporting Life."

"The Singer 'Senior' is the most perfect car of its class that I have yet been privileged to drive. The engine is extremely lively and flexible and sweet running at all speeds; the suspension is above reproach, and the braking is quite the finest I know for so light a car."

"The Tatler."

"Considering its price it is really beautifully turned out, and the detail finish is really very good indeed. It is very pleasantly free from fuss at all speeds, and I am not in the least surprised that it is well up amongst the six 'best-sellers' in the British market to-day. This is exactly what it deserves to be."

"Daily Mirror."

"I was decidedly impressed with the performance of the car... gear changing is easy... the body is particularly comfortable and roomy."

"The Graphic."

"Remarkable value... you could hardly find a more ideal car at its price. An extremely well-built, handsome saloon with every conceivable gadget... altogether, I cannot find a fault in the car."

"Universe."

"I do no more than write the simple, unvarnished truth, when I express the opinion that this Singer must unquestionably rank as a criterion of British value for money. Whilst the performance of the car is remarkable, its comfort and equipment are equally notable."

"Daily Telegraph."

"When it is considered that this comfortable and well-ventilated Saloon costs only £250 complete, one realises what good value motorists are given to-day."

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The AUSTIN "TWELVE" from £255	The AUSTIN "SEVEN" from £135

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The sturdy construction and economy of the Austin 12 h.p. chassis are famous—an Austin Fabric Saloon body is scientifically light—the combination is ideal. The fabric coachwork eliminates drumming—is easy to clean—does not scratch—is silent, comfortable and always presentable. A trial run will amply prove our contentions.

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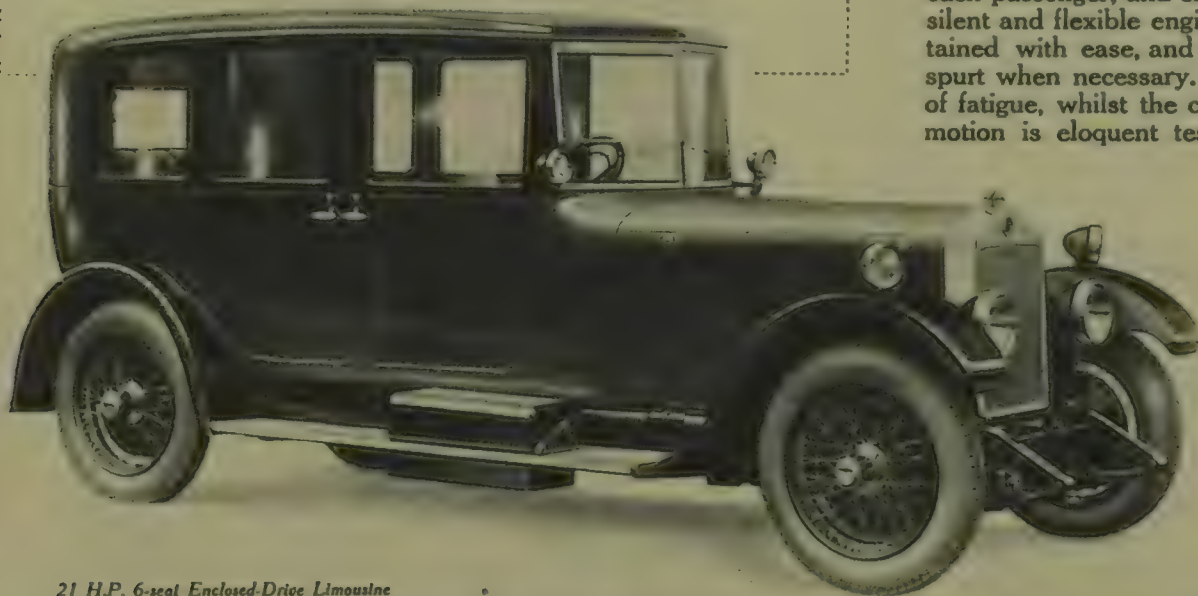
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21 H.P. 6-seat Enclosed-Drive Limousine

We invite you to try a Lanchester "21" for yourself, if only to realise the true meaning of Motoring-de-Luxe. The more exacting your requirements the more certain your choice will be a Lanchester. Our belief that the Lanchester is the finest Car in the World is backed by the expressed testimony of numerous owners.

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Let a British Car reflect your Pride of Ownership

(Continued.)

"Twelve," and the Austin "Twenty," both the four- and six-cylinder models, are holding their own in popular favour; but at the same time the Austin "light six" 16-h.p. has found an excellent niche for itself among discerning motorists. The Austin "Twelve," of course, will always be a popular car, especially the open touring model; as, although

Lubrication Lightens Toil.

In regard to the new speed records, efficient lubrication of the engine by the right type of lubricant has made possible the high speeds produced on land, at sea, and in the air. Thirty years ago, Wakefield's Castrol oils proved themselves on locomotives and in general railway work. To-day,

improved as well, but it is the combination of all these things that has helped. As an example of a good top-gear performance, one may cite the new Dodge Brothers Senior saloon, which has a minimum speed on top gear of four to five miles an hour, with a maximum of nearly a mile a minute, greatly due to efficient lubrication. This six-cylinder, side-valve



HOOPER TWO-FOUR-SEATER COUPÉ, WITH FOLDING HEAD, ON A 40-50-H.P. ROLLS-ROYCE CHASSIS: AN "ARISTOCRAT" OF THE ROAD.

The main seats of the Hooper coupé are adjustable and of bucket type. There are also two small flap-up seats behind the main seats, and two dickey seats.

saloons are all very well, there is nothing like the open touring car thoroughly to embrace the full joys of motoring, more particularly as nowadays the hood and side-curtain equipment is so well designed that they can be raised to protect the occupants completely in inclement weather. The British motorist is an open-air fiend, according to his foreign critics, and, judging by the health statistics, the open touring car is largely productive of longevity.

their use in the sumps and bearings of the high-speed motor has produced phenomenal speeds as high as 300 miles an hour. The experience gained by the racing type of engine has been passed on to the ordinary touring car, so that one finds Castrol oil being generally used in all classes and types of passenger carriages. Efficient lubrication by good lubricants has greatly lightened the toil of the everyday motorist, and so added to the joys of road travel. Of course, our roads are better and our cars are

engined chassis has several novel features which will appeal to the owner-driver. Thus the lighting switch is mounted on the steering column, so there is no groping on the dashboard. The suspension is semi-elliptic springs, fitted with Watson levelisers back and front, which are a new form of shock-absorber, and adapt the suspension to the load carried as well as to the inequalities of the road surface over which they travel. The saloon coachwork has its panels padded with felt, and a thick

(Continued overleaf.)

THE AUSTIN 16-H.P. FABRIC SALOON: A POPULAR CAR OF GOOD QUALITY AND DISTINCTIVE APPEARANCE.

The new Austin 16-h.p. light six-cylinder car is in great demand on account of its excellent performance, moderate price, and, in particular, its flexible motor.



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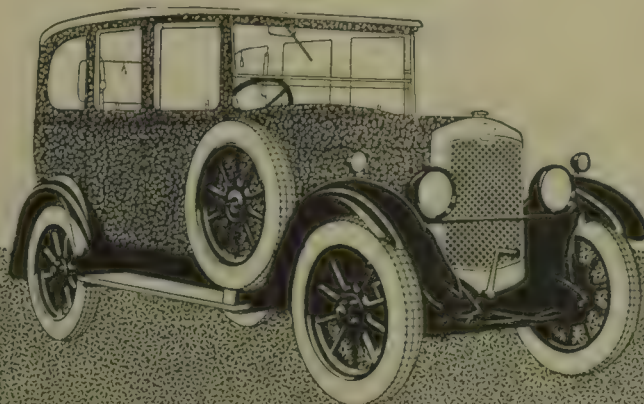
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The 12/35 H.P. Clyno 4-door Fabric Saloon.
Complete with every refinement.

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layer of similar material is used between the frame and the body; also cushioning strips are fitted between the panels and the wings. It has not only

their cost is small, and so far the rating authorities have not included them in their net of taxpayers. It is no wonder that so many young folk nowadays, and quite a few middle-aged people as well, are making their permanent homes in Eccles motor caravans. Even those who have lordly cars of their own, which give luxury of travel, utilise them for hauling these houses on wheels to their desired halting place. Mention of luxury cars reminds one that the 21-h.p. and the 40-h.p. Lanchester carriages come particularly well forward in that category. They are not only big cars, but they give a big performance in comfort and are wonderfully easy to maintain in good running order. The reason for that is that both chassis are designed with a view to catering for the owner-driver as much as for the chauffeur. With the bonnet removed, all parts of the engine which

links, and a similar method is duplicated on the rear axle. The less trouble one has in oiling a car the more one enjoys motoring, and the Lanchester models certainly do their best to render serving them properly as easy as possible.

Seven Miles for a Penny.

With the popularity of the sunshine cabriolet saloon such as the Salmons Tickford model, family motorists are clamouring for easily adjustable seats like the Chapman Leveroll type, so that they can make a change of driver without any fuss, and both the new and the old can rest comfortably on the cushions when adjusted. Different lengths of limb require different settings of the seats, and adjustable seats are a comfortable institution which motorists will encourage to their full extent in the latest type of cars. Quite recently the two Misses Debenham completed a tour of 2149 miles on the latest type of

[Continued overleaf.]



AT A FAMOUS SPOT IN THE SURREY HILLS: A CROSSLEY "SUPER SIX" AT NEWLANDS CORNER.

The Crossley "Super Six" is a very silent fast car able to attain a speed of seventy-five miles an hour.

a good road performance, but it can be rightly styled a silent saloon carriage, as it is particularly free from drumming and other noises.

Peripatetic Picnics.

Those who like to wander from the beaten path are buying or hiring one of the latest of the Eccles caravans, which collected so many visitors when they were on exhibition at the annual Motor Show. Life in them is one perpetual pleasant picnic, as one moves at will from spot to spot, resting where one chooses, although occasionally having to pay small camping fees to lordly landowners. The completeness of the equipment of even the smallest of these caravans is equal to any London flat in its conveniences. Also

may require periodical attention are immediately accessible. Oil-fillers are of generous size, and are easily opened without the aid of tools, and the same remark applies to the petrol-tank filler. Another feature which indicates the attention given to the needs of the owner-driver is the grouping together, on the outside of the chassis frame member, of all oil-nipples which communicate by pipes with the forward joints of the four-wheel brake's actuating



A STUDY IN CONTRASTS: ONE OF THE FAMOUS ALVIS SIX-CYLINDER "ALVISTA" SALOON CARS BESIDE OLD-WORLD COTTAGES AT STONELEIGH, A PICTURESQUE VILLAGE IN WARWICKSHIRE.

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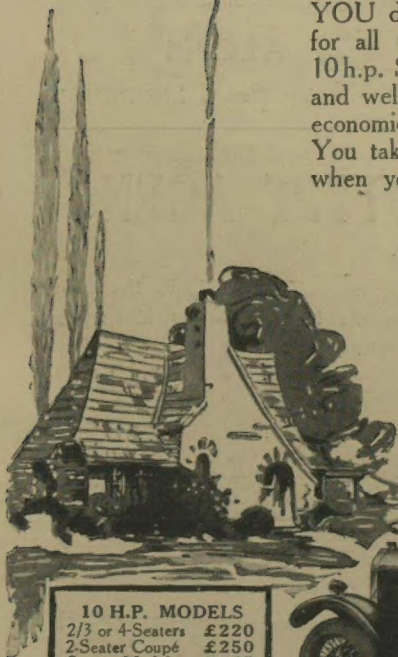
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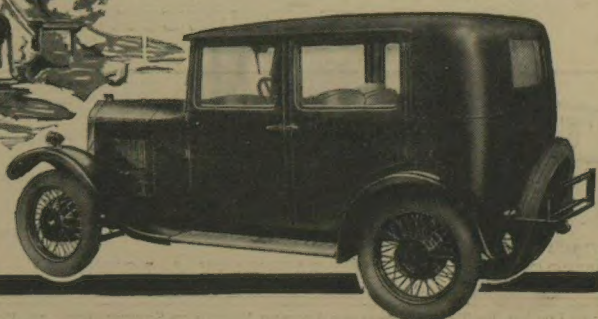
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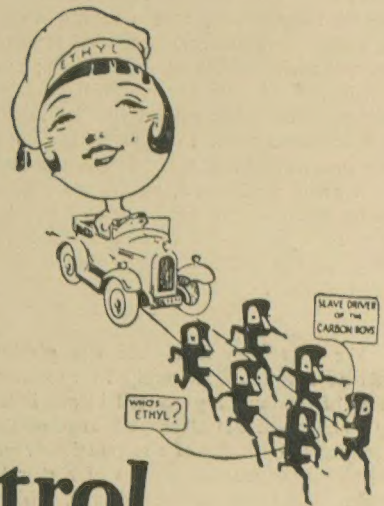
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Continued.]

10-25-h.p. Rover Weymann saloon, under R.A.C. official observation, and carrying another passenger as well as the observer, on a total expenditure for fuel, oil, and maintenance expenses of £5; which works out at the rate of over seven miles for a penny per passenger. The ladies shared the driving between them, and travelled from London right round England as far north as Stirling, going by the east coast and returning by the west coast, as far west as Plymouth and eastward to Dover. Who would not go for a spring tour in a motor-car to-day, when four persons and their luggage can travel for such a distance at so small a cost?

We regret to find that the photographs of an ancient Egyptian star-map in the newly discovered tomb of Senmut, reproduced in our issue of March 10 by courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, were by a slip of the pen inadvertently attributed to the American Museum of Natural History, New York. We trust that this error, which was noticed too late for correction, has not caused any inconvenience to the two famous institutions concerned, from both of which we receive many interesting subjects for illustration.

The Orient Company announce that their new steamer *Orford*, now completing at Messrs. Vickers' Yard at Barrow, will sail on April 13 for a cruise of twenty-eight days in the Mediterranean and Adriatic, visiting Athens, the Dalmatian coast, Venice, Corfu, and Sicily. Later she will make a cruise to Madeira and the Canary Islands. The *Orford* is a 20,000-ton steamer designed for the Orient Line Mail Service. She will embody all the latest improvements in passenger-carrying ships, one of the new features being an open-air swimming bath.

"TOC H" AND "THE BOOK OF REMEMBRANCE."

FOR the endowment of "Toc H," whose main objects are the welfare and training of youth and the supply of man-power for social service, the Prince of Wales made a stirring appeal at the Albert Hall last December.

As he pointed out, though the service of members is voluntary, the work of organisation necessitates a paid staff corps, on whose maintenance the whole continuity of the movement rests. Funds are also needed for the provision of Mother Houses in many districts, and for various other purposes, such as hostels for young sailors, or coffee-bars for "down-and-outs." "Toc H," therefore, has made its first public appeal, and the amount required is £250,000. Up to Jan. 18 the sum subscribed was over £32,000, including £10,000 from Sir Charles Hyde, Bt. The movement has already acquired property to the value of £100,000. It now has 25 Houses, 148 Branches, and 267 Groups in different parts of the world, and the number is constantly growing.

"Toc H," whose name is the Army Signallers' abbreviation for Talbot House, the famous club at Poperinghe for soldiers at the front, has grown out of the Great War, just as the British Red Cross was born in the Crimea and the Boy Scout movement in the South African War. The principles are contained in the "Four Points of the Compass," pledging its members to "think fairly, love widely, build bravely, and spread the Gospel without preaching it." "Toc H" is non-political and non-sectarian. The voluntary service of its members falls under two symbolic headings—"Stretcher-Bearing" (work for the sick, disabled, and destitute) and "Sheep Dog" (the guidance of youth in clubs, camps, Scout troops, and so on). It does not compete with existing institutions, but seeks to provide them with workers.

In connection with the endowment appeal it has been decided to compile a Book of Remembrance and Thanksgiving, to be deposited in the Church of All Hallows, Barking-by-the-Tower. A communication from Lord Forster (chairman of the Executive Committee) and Sir Frederick Milner (for the Appeal Committee) says: "In the Book will be inscribed the names of those on whose behalf donations have been received for the work of 'Toc H'—Remembrance of those who fell in the Great War, and Thanksgiving for those who passed safely through its furnace." Besides this illuminated Book, there will also be issued a printed record. We feel sure that many of our readers will wish to help in this most worthy cause. Contributions should be sent to Major E. A. Belcher, Appeal Director of "Toc H" Endowment, Byron House, St. James's Street, S.W.1.

THE SHAVIAN PENTATEUCH.

"BACK to Methuselah," Mr. Bernard Shaw's "metabiological Pentateuch," is with us again: its first two parts having been given last week by Sir Barry Jackson, at the Court Theatre; followed by the third and fourth this week—on the Wagnerian model. The cast for the Garden of Eden prelude was virtually the same as that of the original production, with Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies as Eve, Colin Keith-Johnston as Adam, and Edith Evans as the Serpent; all of them as good as ever. Oddly enough, the section of the play which might have been expected to go tamely—the section in which a long verbal duel is shown between rival politicians, generally identified with Mr. Lloyd George and the late Lord Oxford, survived extraordinarily well, despite the fact that the topical allusions were out of date. Clever acting on the part of Mr. Marquand was largely responsible for this pleasant surprise.

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